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15 CENTS A NUMBER

DECEMBER, 1901.

\$1.50 A YEAR.

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MUSIC, ART, RELIGION, FACTS, FICTION AND TRADITIONS OF  
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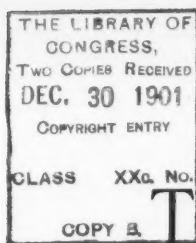
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# THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE

VOL. IV.

DECEMBER, 1901.

No. 2

## HOLLY BERRY AND MISTLETOE: LYRICS.

WILLIAM STANLEY BRAITHWAITE.

I.

The trees are bare, wild flies the snow,  
Hearths are glowing, hearts are merry—  
High in the air is the Mistletoe,  
Over the door is the Holly-Berry.

Never have care how the winds may blow,  
Never confess the revel grows weary—  
Yule is the time of the Mistletoe,  
Yule is the time of the Holly-Berry.

II.

Come trip a measure,  
Let the heart be gay,  
Yule grants a pleasure  
None can say us nay.  
Let the song be merry,  
Be it fast or slow—  
Hope is in the Holly-Berry,  
And Love in the Mistletoe.

Of the year, the sadness  
'Tis we remember—  
Now is time for gladness  
Here in December.  
High may drift the snow,  
Winds may lift and carry—  
But Love comes with the Mistletoe,  
And Hope with the Holly-Berry.

III.

What makes the house so quiet today?  
Children, you really must go and play.—  
This is the time for holly and joys,—  
Here, my pets, are your books and toys.

See, papa will blow your new horn, Ned—  
 And shall he read a tale from your book, Fred?  
 And baby can rattle here on my knee—  
 No? Won't take to my terms for a spree?

Mary, my little woman, my dear,  
 Come . . . child be brave, brush away that tear—  
 . . . Oh God! my darlings how can we be gay,  
 And this, Mother's first Christmas away!

## IV.

A large bright Star came out of the East—the mystic East,  
 And o'er a city shone, where men were gay with wine and feast;  
 Shawms were sounded, and maidens made the lutes sweet with song,  
 And a cry for the King went forth from the heart of the throng.  
 Dancers performed for the guests with jewelled ankles and ears,  
 And the riotous deep applause went forth sounding the doom of years.

A large bright Star came out of the East—the mystic East!  
 And shone on two who walked away from the noise of the feast.  
 On the hill-side the weary two, to a stable made their way,  
 To share with kine the chilly place till comes the break of day.  
 The woman dreamed in her sleep that night, woke in pain and smiled—  
 The dream was but the light of a Star, the coo of a little child.

## V.

December comes, snows come,  
 Comes the wintry weather;  
 Faces from away come—  
 Hearts, must be together.  
 Down the stair-steps of the hours  
 Yule leaps the hills and towers—  
 —Fill the bowl and hang the holly,  
 Let the times be jolly.

Day comes, and night comes  
 And the guests assemble—  
 Once again the old dream comes  
 That I would dissemble.  
 Falls a shadow 'cross the floor,  
 Seen!—and is seen no more.  
 O that mem'ry would forego  
 The hanging of the Mistletoe.





THE JOURNEY OF THE KINGS. FROM THE BAS-RELIEF IN THE CATHEDRAL AT COLOGNE.

## THE TRIBUTE OF BELTASAR.

### A CHRISTMAS TALE OF THE THREE MAGI.

CHARLES WINSLOW HALL.

In the last years of the stormy and unholy career of Herod the Great, being the first month of the new year following the birth of Our Lord, he was fast drawing near to death with a mortal disease and burdened with many cares, anxieties and apprehensions by the loss of his kingly dignity; which of all things he prized most and hoped to transmit to the heirs of his body. At this time he knew naught of the omens and prophecies which had presaged the birth of the Christ, and Joseph with Mary and the babe divine, still sojourned at an inn in Bethlehem, waiting until the long and weary return journey to Nazareth might be safely undertaken.

At this time there drew near unto Jerusalem over the highways that led from the Eastern Outlands, three several caravans, each of them of such size and equipment as became the retinue of a

king. As they came within a few hours' travel of the walls of Jerusalem, a heavy fog came down into the valleys through which slowly plodded the patient camels, strong and sleek, harnessed with stout trappings and cargo packs, glittering with brazen studs and gaily-colored fringes, and driven or led by slaves whose picturesque raiment and strong physique told of an exacting but kindly master. Smooth-skinned and well-groomed were the steeds of the guards, and stately and obedient, the asses and mules ridden by the elders and servants who followed their leader to the Holy City.

As the mists deepened and the lands about the walls became marked with many and devious ways, the leaders of these caravans grew puzzled and uncertain; all the more, as it seemed, that some more certain guide than rut of wheel and

path of steel and oxen was no longer visible. On either side of each caravan was heard the tramp and patter of hoofs, and the cries and blows with which the drivers sought to keep their own beasts together and prevent the intrusion of straying horses and dromedaries. "We can no longer see the star," said one. "Beware, O stranger, Thou art not of our people," cried another. "Halt! Halt!" cried a commanding voice. "Let the caravan halt, and the camels rest; ere long we shall have a clear sky, and the guidance of the Heavenly Token."

For a few moments the mists hid all things from view, except ghostly glimpses of slowly moving men and animals, as a belated driver silently sought his place in the caravan line. In every direction were heard the low tones of men, the sub-vocal grumblings of weary camels, the shrill neigh of challenging stallions, and the clash of shield and harness against scabbard and wayside stone.

A few moments later the mist, rolled up like a mighty curtain, was swept away by a sharp gust out of the cool north-east. Jerusalem lay close at hand, and the three great caravans, in fair order and near unto each other, covered the Mount of Olives, the bare sides and crest of Calvary, and the intervening valley and foot-hills.

Melchior, of the Aryan race, proud of his descent from Japhet, the gold of his mines, and the beauty, courage and commercial prosperity of his people, arrayed his caravan on the brow of Calvary. Caspar or Jaspar, a prince of the great Semitic race, marshaled along the lower slopes and intervening meadows, his horsemen vain of their personal beauty, fanatical in matters of faith, and enthusiasts in battle, but less enduring in hardship and persecution. On Olivet, hereafter to witness the bitterness of Christ's most acute sorrow, Baltazar ranged his Nubian and Ethiopian Cavalry and swift strong dromedaries of the African desert. Black but comely, a prized auxiliary of the Parthian king, he lacked neither in

stature nor feature, wealth of mine, flock or wine-press, military skill nor love of knowledge for its own sake. Anything of those noble attributes which had made his comrades famous among the princes of Inde. Forthwith each recognized the array and person of the others, and, having ascertained that all were engaged in a like quest, the combined caravans advanced toward Jerusalem, Melchior, as the eldest, leading the way.

But in Jerusalem there was mustering of horsemen and archers, manning of portals and battlements, bending of catapults and ballistas, and much gathering of princes and people to the outer walls: for since the last Parthian raid, which had ravaged and slain up to the very gates of the city, no such array had ever excited the apprehensions of Herod and his people.

Without the gates they halted and encamped, erecting within each leaguer a stately marquée of snow-white canvas, broadly striped with royal purple and crimson. Around this the black goats'-hair tents of the common people were set in perfect order, and in an outer circle the camp-guard watched over the cattle and their burdens. Already an officer had been sent by Herod to enquire the names and rank of his unexpected visitors, and to request that the leaders visit his palace, within the city walls. Summoning a score or two of their chosen life-guards, the three kings attended Herod's officers, and in all amity and peace entered Jerusalem.

Melchior, the eldest, and somewhat the smallest of the three, but of commanding and reverend presence, guided his Arabian barb under the frowning battlements and arched portals of the outworks, whereon Herod's veterans kept ceaseless ward and watch against the danger of mutiny and revolt, and Parthian invasion. On the right rode Jaspar, tall of stature and huge of limb, bright-faced and bearded, gazing with luminous brown eyes at the crowded bazaars, the warehouses overflowing with costly merchandise; the



mansions on the terraced ridge of the upper city, and the stately strength of the royal palaces, themselves almost an impregnable fortress, and too often, alas! a prison remediless. Baltazar in the centre, his dusky face alight with admiration and surprise, managed his fiery Abyssinian stallion with an unconscious strength and skill, which attracted all eyes to his lightly clad and armored body and muscular limbs.

All were past middle age and bore themselves with regal dignity and a manly self-position which had no tinge of unworthy arrogance or unmanly fear. And yet, at that unhappy period, the stranger who in effier of war and regal pomp entered the domain of Herod the Great, without notice given or invitation received, might well ask himself whether unstinted hospitality, suspicious coldness, severe questioning or chains and death itself, awaited him at the hands of that brave, untiring, resourceful regal Edomite, to whom the arms of Rome and the will of God had granted the revision of that kingly birthright which Esau had bartered away to Jacob, and lost through a woman's cunning in the long ago. Now that it was Esau's turn to rule and enjoy that splendid heritage, for which Jacob had plotted, Moses had led and redeemed, and Joshua and David had destroyed the nations; Herod, although dying by inches, and surrounded by enemies intrigue and revolt, would wade through blood to hand down to the heirs of his body and regal line, that royalty and dominion to which he could never have ancestral title nor bestow through blood-right.

Now that they were in the den of the lions, the Magi acknowledged to themselves that they might well be in evil case. Yet Melchior's proud face showed no trace of apprehension, Jaspar's brilliant glances devoured every detail of the splendid civic, military and sacerdotal architecture for which Jerusalem was then justly famous throughout the world. Baltazar alone showed some measure of

generous resentment, as by degrees their escort of horsemen became a batallion of heavy cavalry, and the simple captain who had escorted them into the city was relieved by a general and chamberlain of the King. But all saw above the Roman standards and the impregnable walls a blazon in whose immortal origin and supernal guardianship they might not doubt or fail of utter trust. Ever it led them, as in the Eastern outlands and the perilous deserts of Persia and Syria, a star bearing in its heart a radiant child, surrounded by a glory unspeakable.

At the palace, which was guarded by a strong detachment of infantry, the three kings were received with due courtesy by a chamberlain, who said with military directness: "Herod, son of Antipater, King of Judea, and ally of Cæsar, greets ye; also, he would know whence ye come in such regal wise, and what courtesy or service do ye seek at his hands?"

"In peace, and as friends, do we come," answered Melchior. "Three kings are we, albeit unworthy of the fame of Herod the Great, whose valor and puissance have been carried by fame into all lands. Jaspar of farther Inde, Baltazar of the ancient Ethiopian stock, and I, Melchior, of the horsemen of the northern hills and great plains, come with peace and greeting. Not as kings do we come, but as seekers of a great prodigy, made known unto us and to our brother Magi, who have kept vigil on the Hill of Victory in the ancient Persian land. And because the matter is great, and of weighty moment unto King Herod, we may not speak further of it unto any, unless by his special order and permission one be sent unto us to hear the same."

Thereupon, after due consideration, Herod gave audience unto the Magi, and received them graciously, saying: "What is this matter of which ye would converse with Herod?" Answered Melchior briefly: "Where is he that is of late born King of the Jews? for we, kings and Magi, of the Eastern outlands, have seen

his star in the heavens, and having followed it through many lands and kingdoms, are come to worship him."

For a moment a horrible spasm as of mortal pain, or fear and hatred, distorted the face of the great king. His guards laid hands upon mace and sword-hilt, or clutched tighter the shafts of lance and javelin.

Truly, it was no light matter to avow before Herod that some one, not of his blood, but of the line of David and the root of Jesse, was even now living and ready with baby fingers to tear from him and his the goodly land of Judea.

But Herod crushed his rising anger and apprehension, for he saw that these were wise and noble kings, who in all honor and honesty had come to this knowledge, and deeming no evil, had come to him as to one who would welcome the honor paid to his royal line. To slay them would leave this babe in safe seclusion, doubtless in the custody and guardianship of rich and powerful enemies. These strangers must be allowed to follow their quest to a full discovery; then babe and conspirator and Eastern star-gazer should be silenced forever. It might incite a tumult among the rebellious Jews, were it known that the Messiah had been born only to fall under the swords of his Roman legionaries; but this chance must be taken. Wherefore Herod said courteously:

"I pray you to take rest and refreshment until I can make enquiry of the priests and scribes, even as it is said of Malachi, the prophet; for the priest's lips should keep knowledge, and they should seek the law at his mouth, for he is the messenger of the Lord of Hosts."

But when the Magi were gone Herod turned angrily unto his officers and said: "Let no man, on pain of death and tortures unspeakable, speak of this thing. Go now, call before me the chief priests and scribes of the people. Let them stay not for worship or business, for the matter is urgent." Even as they gathered there swept among them vague rumors

and suspicions of a new fear, which might lead Herod to some awful deed of massacre, such as had already marked his mad and merciless jealousy of the hapless descendants of Jewish royalty.

But Herod greeted them courteously and said unto the chief priest: "Declare unto me, if it is written in your law, where the Christ shall be born."

"Surely," said the chief priest, "in Bethlehem of Judea shall He be born, for it is written in the Book of the Prophet Micah. But thou Bethlehem Ephrata, though thou be little among the thousands of Judah, yet out of thee shall come forth unto me, he that is to be ruler in Israel, whose goings forth hath been from of old, even from everlasting."

Whereof also Balaam, the son of Beor, spake, in the days of Moses, when Balak would have had him lay upon Israel the Curse of God, and he would not; but testified and said:

"Balaam, the son of Beor, the man whose eyes have been opened, hath said. He hath said who hath heard the words of God and known the knowledge of the Most High and seen the vision of the Almighty, falling into a trance, but having his eyes open.

"I shall see him, but not now; I shall behold him, but not anigh. There shall come a star out of Jacob, and a sceptre shall arise out of Israel and shall smite through the Princes of Moab and destroy all the Princes of Sheth."

Then said Herod: "It is enough. Is this thy law of common report and belief among you?" And the chief priest answered: "It is so believed of all Jews, and indeed of many Gentiles in Egypt, Syria, Persia, and farther India, Ethiopia, and the Isles of the Eastern Sea. Yet it may well be O Herod; that the day of his coming is still afar off, since surely the power of Rome overshadoweth the whole earth, and may not be gainsaid. Wherefore, O Herod, we teach not this saying to the common herd."

"Ye do well," said Herod angrily. "Truly, he shall die the death, who in

my day and generation shall proclaim that the Messiah hath come and shall put all things under his feet: for this would be rebellion against Cæsar. Nevertheless, this is a great and weighty saying, and ye have the thanks of Herod for this service."

And after these were departed Herod

Persia and of the Inde feared lest they might thus conquer the whole earth." Wherefore they learned diligently all that they might of the teachings of Moses, and of that written law of which he was the first giver and scribe. And at a certain point on the great highway, which leadeth into Inde they established upon



THE DREAM OF THE KINGS.

again received the three kings and imparted unto them all that the chief priests and scribes had recited.

Then said Jaspar: "In the days when Jesus, called Joshua, conquered this land many princes of the Canaanites fled into Persia, and brought with them such reports of the special favor of God unto the children of Israel, and of the utter destruction which wasted the nations before them, as a woman sweepeth the floor of a chamber; that all the nations of

the hill Vaws (or The Hill of Victory) a watch-tower and beacon, whereat men might watch for the coming of the Israelitish host, and this vigil and guardship became a most noble service which endureth unto this day. But whereas, in due season, the Kings of Inde ceased to fear the Israelites, and the study of the stars became of great consideration among us twelve astrologers, the wisest and noblest among us ever keep vigil upon the hill Vaws, of which vigil we too

have in our youth partaken. Wherefore each of us, in our several realms beheld this star, for which many generations of Magi have watched unsleeping and determined, each by himself to leave his kingdom, and to follow this star into the presence of him who is to become the king of all the earth. So taking horse, and arms and treasure, each set out, following the star, until close by this city we met and knew each other's purpose, whereupon we deemed that the said prince was of your blood and lineage and sought audience of you."

Then said Herod: "At what time did ye first behold this star? and what was the appearance thereof?"

Then said Melchior: "At the time when Jupiter and Venus were in conjunction, wherefore the prince that is to be shall be of great sovereignty, yet shall be loved of all people."

Then Herod sighed heavily and said: "Alas, that this babe is not known unto me or born of my race; for truly I and mine have won our sovereignty by the sword, and behold it still, but as the tributaries of Cæsar. Well will it be for the earth if this babe of whom ye bring tidings establish his kingdom. As for me, I have worn armor and wrought with the sword since that day when Menahem, the high priest, hailed me, a happy boy, as 'king of the Jews.' Truly I was called of God unto this dominion, and had hoped to hand it down unto my children's children, but who can defy the fates? or who may stand against the decrees of God? Therefore, go ye in peace and privily (lest there be present revolt and bloodshed) and search diligently for the young child, and when he be found bring me word again, that I may come and worship him also.

So the three kings went forth from the city unto their camps, and Herod sent after them gifts and guides who should lead them unto Bethlehem. And when even was come they struck their tents, and lo, the star which they had seen in the east went before them until it came

and stood over the village of Bethlehem, and the very place where the young child was. Which when the kings beheld, they halted their following and rejoiced with exceeding great joy. But seeing that the inn was a small and mean place, they left their people, ordering that none should go with them but their own tried servants, and taking with them of their treasure, they followed the way unto the inn, over which the star shone with a great radiance, sending forth mighty rays, so that the weather-beaten walls of that wayside shelter was made glorious beyond description. And men say that in the said star yea, in the very heart thereof, they saw the Holy Child, in glory ineffable, bearing a cross, and wearing the crown of his eternal dominion, but of this thing the holy apostles have said nothing.

And when they were come into the room they saw the young child with Mary, his mother, and fell down and worshipped him. And when they arose they offered unto him gifts—gold and frankincense and myrrh. And Melchior, it is said, who was of that Aryan race, whose power and wisdom hath since gone out throughout all the world, first thrust forward his sword-hilt in token of fealty and service, and laid in his hands many gold pieces and an apple of gold, and said: "These are the emblems of thy earthly kingdom which shall have no end, and shall cover the whole earth." And Jaspar offered a casket of costly frankincense and offered fealty, and said: "This is the emblem of thy divine royalty, which shall endure when earth shall have passed away, and shall give thee dominion over the hearts of righteous men, when evil seemeth to reign, and wicked rulers destroy thy servants."

Lastly, Baltazar, of Nubia and Ethiopia, came forward and his tears fell as he spoke; albeit, he was a valiant man. "I, too," he said, "would guard thee with sword and shield, yea with my life and the lives of all my tribes, if that would avail. But I may not avail thee with



these things, neither may my gold or wisdom profit thee, who art to be Lord of all the earth. Therefore to thee do I bring this myrrh, which is the last and most precious gift of mortal man to friend or lover, teacher or king. Even as thou art mortal, and shalt endure sorrow and pain, the thanklessness of men and the pangs of death; so I and mine throughout the ages shall find in thy love and the hope of thy peace hereafter, our greatest consolation." And the Holy Child looked and smiled lovingly upon them all.

And often looking backward they went out into the night and saw the star rise upward into the heavens, as men say into that constellation, which is called of the Latins, "Pisces, or the Fishes," and going to their company they talked together of all that had befallen? But a great drowsiness fell upon them, and as they slept there appeared before them an angel, who said unto them: "Arise hastily and return into your own country, neither await ye the messengers of Herod, nor carry him tidings of what ye have heard and seen. For he will seek to slay the Child to whom ye have sworn fealty, and you also, that his crime may not be known of men."

So they arose and departed for the

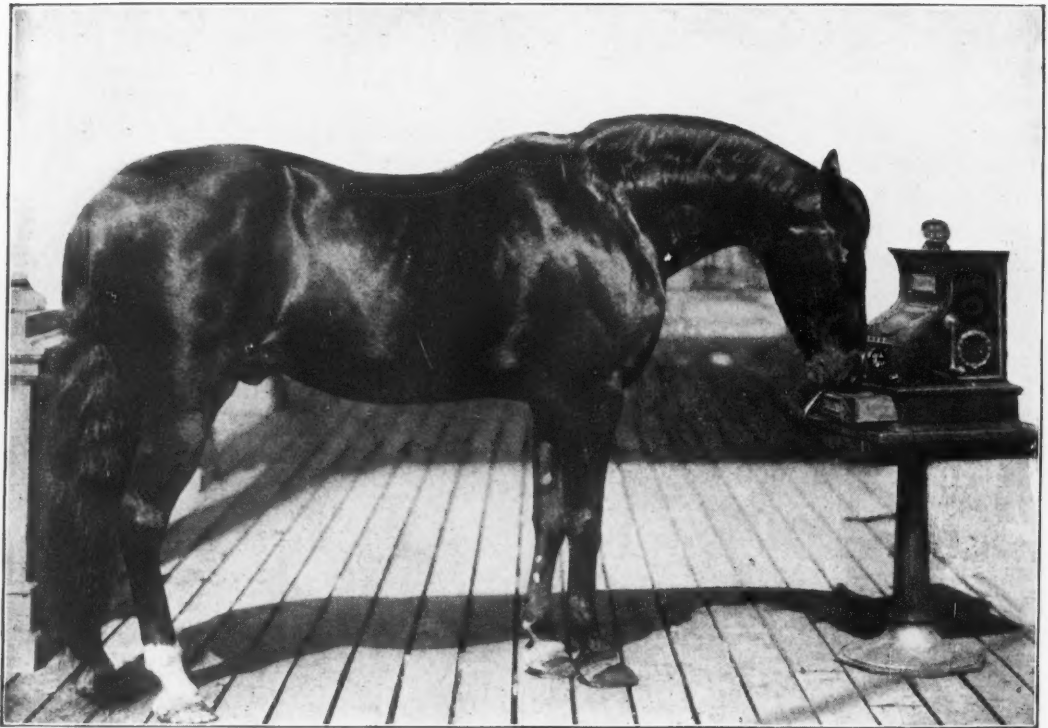
Eastern outlands, and avoiding the garrisons of Herod, crossed the long purple wall of the mountains of Moab, and when in safety, separated and returned each unto his own country.

And men say that in after years Saint Thomas the Apostle went into Inde to preach the Christ, and there met and baptised the three kings, who themselves became preachers of that heavenly kingdom whose infant king they had been the first to acknowledge. And having in due time attained through a martyr's death the peace eternal, their bones, as some say, were removed from India to Constantinople, whence in later centuries they were sent as a priceless gift to the Bishop of Milan. Thence the great German emperor, Barbarossa, "The Red-bearded," is said to have taken them to Milan, in whose stately cathedral the "Three Kings of Cologne," their skulls crowned with diadems of gold and gems, are still shown to the believing faithful. Hence it is that in this tale, as in the legends which have grown out of St. Matthew's Gospel, they are called by German names, and not *Magdalat*, *Galgalat* and *Saracin*, as of the Greeks, or *Apelius*, *Amerius* and *Damascus*, as in the Hebrew tongue.



THE KINGS APPROACHING BETHLEHEM.

From the painting by Portaels.



JIM KEY CHANGING MONEY.

## BEAUTIFUL JIM KEY.

THE MOST WONDERFUL HORSE IN THE WORLD.

TRAINED BY A COLORED MAN.

DR. WM. KEY.

THE QUEEN OF HORSES.

A number of years ago, amidst the Nesaen pastures of Persia, the great Sheik Ahemid, a powerful ruler, envied and admired by all, ruled in love and firmness o'er his tribe, that stretched into far off Arabian sands. For was there not in his dower (tented home) the Queen of all Arabian horses, the fair Laurretta, with a lineage carefully kept on tablets of ivory that reached back to the broods of Pharaoh, comrades, friends of the tented tribes whom long association, love and kindness had nearly brought up to their own plane, and when to their animal instincts had been added wits and a reason-

ing sense, they feel and know all of ambition, love and hate.

In every black tent down to the Arkaba and to the ocean, and across to the Euphrates and beyond to the sea of the Scythians, the renown of Laurretta, the worshipped of all, was the daily talk, and for her health and safety their daily Allahs.

This evening the good Sheik's heart was heavy and anger knitted the furrows deeper in his brow. A trusted stranger had stolen the Mother Queen of Horses, Laurretta, and though a full moon had passed, no word yet had been heard from his beloved, and all over Arabia mutterings of anger were heard, even some

saying he himself had sold her, and the false story was going on the winds of the evening.

Ciapping his hands thrice, the heavy curtains parted, and there entered with silent, gliding steps his head servant, Mohammed. "Well, son of the desert, repeat thou the tale, aye, repeat it word for word, and by my beard, if thou contradict thyself but once," and his eyes blazed fire, but stopping himself, he said, "go on."

"'Twas but a moon ago the stranger came," Mohammed recited, "came with tablets from the great Lallah, and thou entertained him as befitting a Sheik, though he was light of hair, oil was his tongue, flattery caused thou to trust him. To show him thy loved ones, to let him try their paces, even ride Lauretta, our famed Queen." At the name the Sheik bounded to his feet, rage shot lightning from his eyes, with clenched hands he grasped his spear, and then as quickly seating himself, he moaned, "my beautiful, my beautiful." Then one evening he told you the tale—a great Sheik in far off England who had great power and whose desire was to purchase our beautiful Lauretta—the Mother of Horses—who would give the price, a thousand horses. Ah! thy rage I will remember ever—'sell Lauretta, my Queen, sell the Mother of all Horses, to whom a million allahs are said—pluck out mine eyes, but part not I with my beautiful, raised here in my tented dower—but go on.'

"The morning came, and when Rama came to bring drink to the beloved ones, there was no Lauretta, but in the side of the cloth a great cut. I awoke you, O Master, and though a thousand of your tried horsemen galloped madly over the desert sand, no sign of the Mother was found. The shifting sands, blown with every breeze, hid her tracks—and the stranger gone."

#### LAURETTA STOLEN.

'Twas early dawn when Jack Randall, the emissary of the greatest of all show-

men, awoke. Bribes, entreaties, even her weight in gold, had failed to make the good Sheik sell Lauretta. Jack awoke with a start, for he had lain awake half the night scheming—dare he do it? 'Twould mean death, a terrible death, at the hands of the infuriated Arabs if he was caught; but who could catch Lauretta? Was she not as swift as the very winds? Peeping out of his tent the stars were shining; the heavy breathing of the men sent a shiver through him. He slow-



STANLEY DAVIS.

Private Secretary to Dr. Wm. Key, and Valet to "Beautiful Jim Key."

ly crept out; 'twas but a hundred yards to the tent where Lauretta and Philis, and Ectes and Ranus, the kingly four, were, but how to get in it, for two Arabs slept at its entrance. So, gliding in the semi-darkness, he came to the back of the tent made of skins; his big knife slit it as high as he could reach on tip-toe. 'Twas a moment that made his hair turn gray, but there at the very place stood Lauretta, her trappings on a post near her. No hesitation now; 'twas a lifetime in the minute it took to sling a bridle on her noble head and lead her out. Cautiously, with silent tread, in the sand

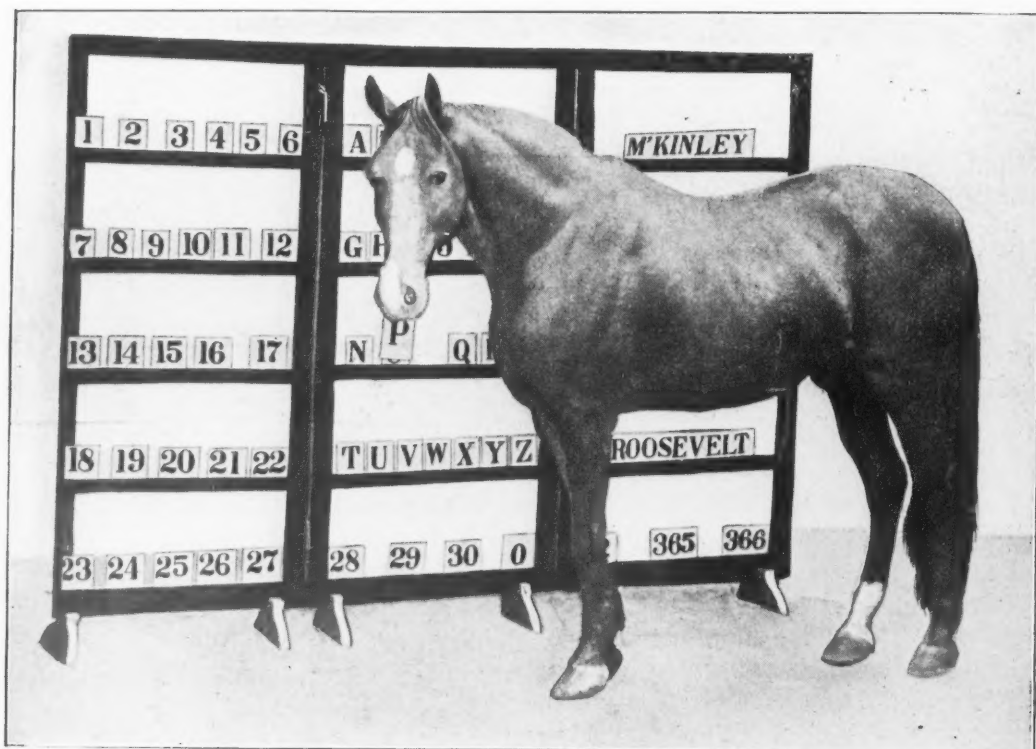
he led her, and then bounding on her back glided as if she had wings, out in the desert. No saddle cloth had he, but like a Centaur he sat astride, and urged her on and on, faster and faster, for well he knew that seconds meant for him life and gold.

#### A SENSATION IN EUROPE.

"What a tremendous sensation a horse can make," said a gray-haired diplomat

#### BOUGHT BY DR. WILLIAM KEY.

Through carelessness and unkind treatment she broke down, and was taken to America and sold again to a smaller circus, that after a short life became stranded in the South, at Cupola, Miss. To get away the owners sold at auction some of their horses, and a colored man, well known as a Veterinary, in Shelbyville, Tenn., Dr. Wm. Key, bought her



JIM KEY BRINGING LETTERS.

one day in Parliament. "Here is the gray Arabian mare that is drawing such crowds at the circus because she was known as the Queen of Arabian Horses, causing us no end of annoyance by the fanatics of Arabia because they say she was stolen; others say that Sheik Ahmid sold her, and his numerous followers have deserted him, and all because of one gray mare. And Lauretta, the once proud Queen of the desert, now the slave of a circus owner, though the greatest in the land, to be exhibited to the tens of thousands of the curious."

for \$40.00, though it is stated she cost \$50,000 when first purchased.

Lauretta fell into kind and able hands, for Dr. Key was celebrated throughout the Southland for both his marvellous skill and kindness in the treatment of horses, and though it took nearly a year of the most careful attention, the good doctor, for so he is best known, cured her.

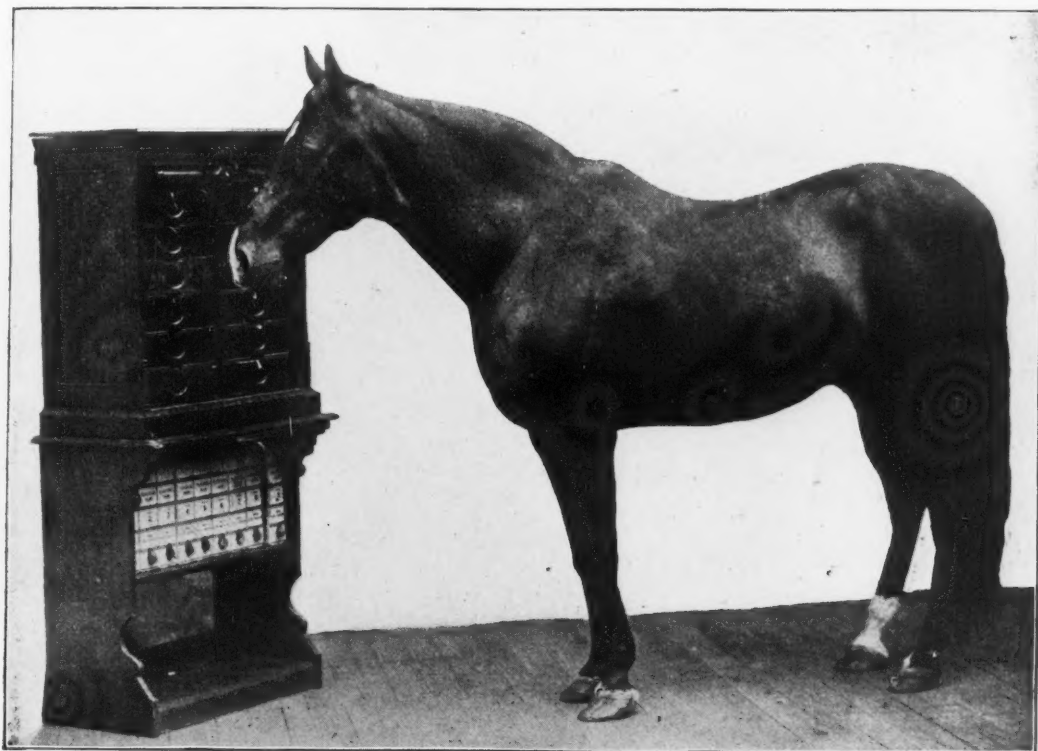
#### JIM KEY'S STORY.

"For nearly a year after Jim was foaled I had no hope of him. Knowing



he was the finest bred horse in the country, I was very anxious to see what he would turn out, for Lauretta, his dam, was the smartest horse I had ever seen, and his sire, Tennessee Volunteer—well, he couldn't be beat. But Jim pretty near done broke my heart, for he was the most spingled, shank-legged animal I ever did see. There was an old, no-account, bow-legged nigger named Jim that lived near me, and I named Jim after him, though

symptoms of bots and colic, because I was then in the medicine business. Next he learned to make-believe he was lame and act as though he were suffering with different kinds of troubles, the general symptoms of which he would reproduce. I had him learn to bring me different things and then to learn different colors. The hardest thing I had to teach him was to learn how to eat sugar. I tried every way, and had it tied to the bridle, but

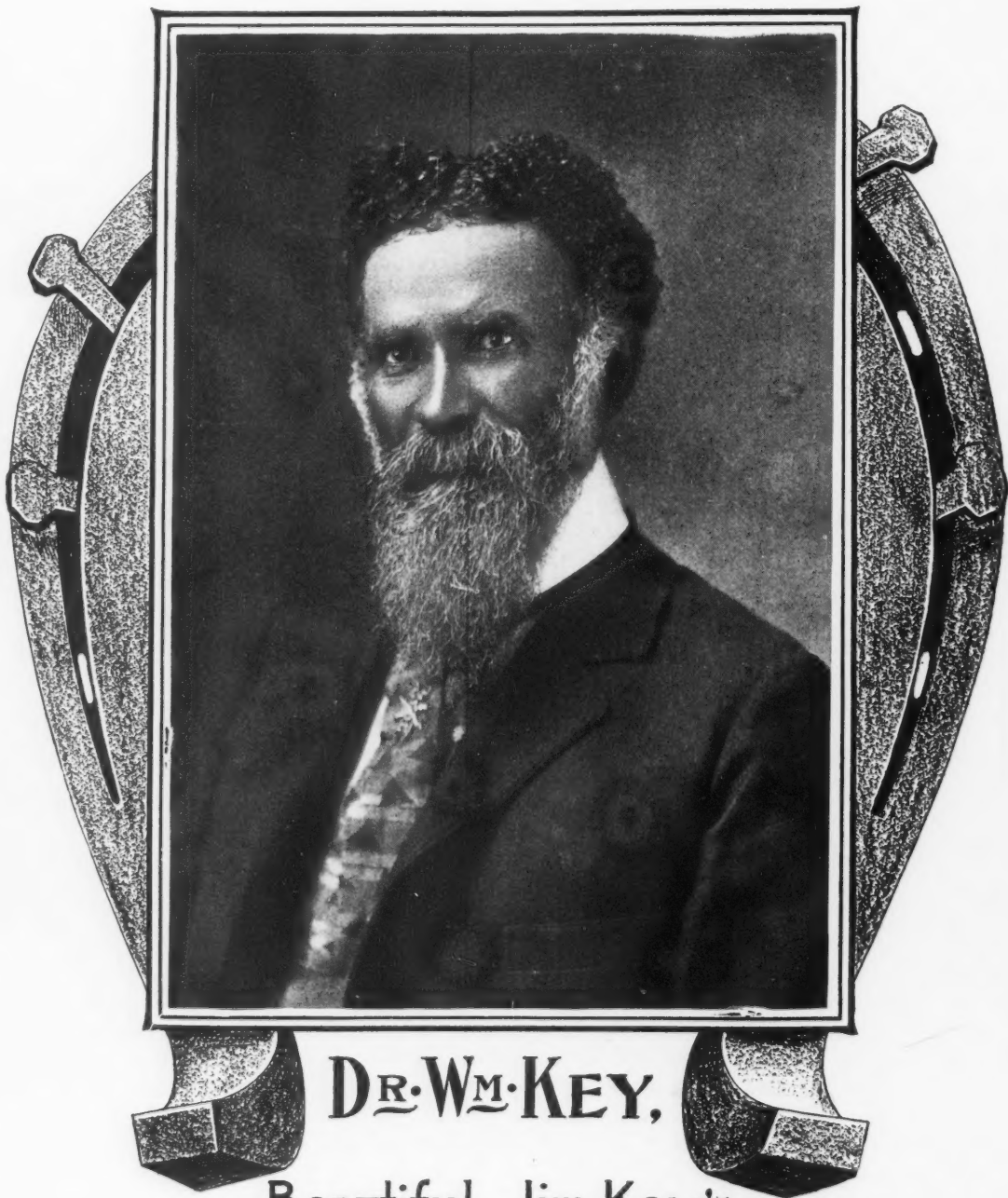


JIM KEY, FILING LETTERS.

I had very fine Bible names picked out; but I took mighty fine care of Jim, and before long, his legs began to straighten out. He was a knowing colt, I tell you. He just lived in my house and would follow me around like a dog. He wanted to know what everything was, and I commenced to teach him simple things. One of the first things he learned, and I didn't teach it to him, either, was to unfasten the gate and let himself out in the road.

"I began to teach him when he was one year old. First, I taught him to lie down and roll, and soon after that to give

Jim would always spit it out. One day I saw him eating apples in the orchard, and I got the idea that if I put a piece of sugar in an apple he would eat it. I fixed an apple and then watched Jim. When he picked it up and munched it I thought he would go crazy with satisfaction and delight. I at once tried the sugar alone, but it was no use. He had taken a grudge against raw sugar, although he would take it with an apple coating. I worked with him for six months before I succeeded. I had to cover the apple with sugar and he would eat both with great



DR. WM. KEY,

Beautiful Jim Key's  
Friend and Teacher.

relish. I gradually reduced the quantity of apple over the sugar, and then he would have a piece of apple laid over a piece of sugar in my hand, and when he would reach for the apple he would get the sugar. In this way he soon learned that sugar was sugar and apple was apple.

"The learning of the alphabet was the work that required the most patience. I had to keep at it all the time for years. When I began I had in my mind only to teach Jim to pick out the letter A. I got some cards with the letter A on it, and then put sugar on the card. This was, of course, after Jim had grown to have a passion for sugar, which he has never lost. I would say to him, 'A, A, A,' and while I was doing this I would let nobody in the stable, and I would keep him away from other horses. I said 'A' a good many times, and Jim used up many cards, as he would lick the cards so much.

"Finally I got a piece of tin with the letter painted on it. It took months and months, a half year, before I was satisfied that he would know the letter A when he would see it. When I had this done I thought that if Jim could only be made to bring the card to me I would have just what I wanted. I at once began to train him for this end. I began with a piece of apple in a handkerchief. I would let him get the end in his jaw and then I would try to draw it away from him. Finally I would have a piece of apple in my hand, and hold out the handkerchief to him, and then give him the apple. He learned that he was being rewarded, and I soon had him tugging at the card and then bringing it to me. Then I thought that I had my fortune made, when one day I happened to think if the horse knew A when he saw it he could be taught the entire alphabet, and in this I was right.

"My wife used to tell me to let the horse alone and come out of the stable, for she knew that I would go crazy over Jim, but it came around so that she got very fond of Jim, and was soon very

much attached to him. One day she happened to go into the stable while eating an apple, and she said, 'Jim, do you want a piece of apple?' He bowed his head up and down. The next thing I heard was my wife calling out, 'Doctor, doctor, the horse can say yes.' I went in, but Jim would not say it to me. I went out and watched and saw him do it for my wife. From that day she fell in love with him, and would always reward him with apples or sugar whenever he would do what she asked of him. The way Jim learned to open and close the desk drawers was this: I had put some apples in a drawer that had a string attached to it. Later on I returned and all the apples were gone. I suspected some boys that were about the place, and when I put some more apples in the drawer they, too, disappeared, and then I watched and soon found that Jim was stealing my apples. He had been watching me, and soon began imitating me.

"From that time on my work was comparatively easy. I taught him to count, and then to figure. This took years, but I kept at it—day after day—until now he knows up to thirty. Jim likes writing and quickly learns names printed on cardboard. I believe he knows every word I say to him, and sometimes it seems to me all I've got to do is to think a thing and he knows it. Yes, some say it's hypnotism and that kind of thing—but I don't know anything about that, but I do know Jim knows and does what I ask him to do. It was just kindness, mere kindness, and no more. Now I am spending all my time teaching him the places and quotations where the horse is mentioned in the Bible, for horses were mighty prominent animals then. The Prophets had visions of them. John says he looked up and beheld a white horse in heaven, and what Jim wants to know is, if there are white horses in heaven, why can't a good bay horse go there also?"

"Beautiful Jim Key always travels in a palace car, although he dislikes the jarring of travel, and refuses to lay down



while on the road, because the bumping of stops and starts of the train would jar him rudely. When he makes a long journey he is granted a stop-over at a half-way point in order that he may enjoy the comforts of a box stall and obtain his night's rest.

"When at home or stabling in some city where he is on exhibition, Jim Key has his faithful old valet for his stall mate. The Doctor places his cot in the stall with his pet, and the two sleep together 365 nights of the year. During the working hours Jim is never unattended. Either the Doctor, who trained him, or a groom is constantly by his side, and he could not be given more constant care and attention were he the fleetest racer in the world on the eve of the most important Derby of the turf. Even his grain and hay, though the choicest quality that can be bought, is examined very closely to see that no impurities are in it.

"His drinking water is not from the common hydrant, but is the purest spring water can be secured; often bottled water is secured for him. He drinks only water from which all the impurities have been filtered.

"Every morning he has his gallop, and comes in reeking with perspiration to receive an hour's rubbing and combing until his coat fairly shines, and is then in fine condition for his daily work.

"Jim is a splendid saddle horse and has led many big parades. His beautiful arched neck and the graceful curves of his body and long, sweeping tail make a beautiful picture, as he keeps step to the music, though prancing and fairly dancing. At the New Orleans Horse Show and many others where he has been on exhibition, he has taken all the blue ribbons in several classes.

"In breeding he is Arabian and Hambletonian, as elsewhere related. His height is 16 hands; mahogany bay; he is 11 years of age (June, 1901); never has been sick; always takes especial delight in his work; seems eager to learn, and no actor ever was prouder of making a

great hit than is Jim when playing before a large house that show their appreciation of him by their applause. His appreciation of applause is one of the most human traits he has, and sometimes when he has a small audience he does not act as quickly and really seems to feel as if he was not being appreciated.

"Jim understands what one is saying. When he is praised his head goes up so as to say, 'What horse is as smart as I?'

While at the Nashville Exposition, Mr. A. R. Rogers, a business man of New York, saw for the first time this marvelous, intelligent animal. Being very greatly interested in humane societies, and a great lover of horses in particular, he purchased from Dr. Key for \$10,000 this beautiful animal, but Dr. Key put in the contract a clause to this effect: I am always to be Jim Key's groom and teacher," for he would not part with his pet. So North went Jim and Dr. Key to Mr. Rogers' beautiful country home in the Oranges, a suburb of New York, and here for a year Jim was given his finishing touches before he was ever put on public exhibition. Since that time many offers have been made to buy Jim, one party offering \$60,000, but Jim Key is not for sale at any price, for not only does he earn more money than any other horse, but he is a missionary.

Last year at his performances over 185,000 boys and girls promised him to always be kind to animals, and thousands of adults after seeing his remarkable performance have gone away with the same resolve in their hearts.

#### DR. WILLIAM KEY.

Wm. Key was born in Winchester, Tenn., sixty-five years ago, and was named after his master, John W. Key, a well-known planter of Shelbyville, Tenn. In his early years he had a great fondness for the animals. Ever kind to them, and many a poor dog or a worried cat was he the defender of on the old plantation. They tell a story that when Bill



Key, as he was called, was six years old, he had a rooster and a yellow dog that would do wonderful things. His entry into the barnyard was the signal for a general commotion, for all the animals, big and little, seemed to recognize in him a friend. If a colt was to be broken Bill was sent for by the neighbors for miles around, for he did it by kindness. He would take the wild, frightened colt up to his master's farm, and in a week's time by his gentle, patient care would return him ready to ride or drive. So remarkable was his success with balking and kicking mules, in which he took a special pride, that the "colored population" used to say he bewitched them. Uncle Bill is a mulatto and a veterinary surgeon. Born a slave, he was one of those fortunate men who had a kind master, and when the war clouds began to hover over the Southland and his master's sons left home to defend their cause, Uncle Bill went with them "to look after his young masters," as he states.

"They just went with Gen. Palmer's at Murfreesborough, Tenn. Their company was called the Festerville Guards, Captain Webb."

Asked why he went into the army instead of seeking his freedom, he said: "I loved my young marsters. I was afraid they would get killed or not have anything to eat, so I went with them." "And did you keep them from being killed?" the reporter asked him. "Yes, sir. We was at Fort Donaldson, Tenn., and when the Yankees captured us I stole them out of prison and took them into the rebel lines."

It was at Fort Donaldson that he built his famous fort called by the soldiers Fort Bill—a small place dug in the ground and covered with logs to keep the bullets out; where he would seek cover, he said, when they began to shoot, and where he would try and coax his young marsters. When Fort Donaldson surrendered in the night Bill stole out and found a place unguarded and took his young masters out with important papers,

and they escaped. They then joined Gen. Forest, acting as scouts and guides. After the Stone River battle Bill undertook to get another darkey through the lines, but was caught by the guard, the Sixth Indiana Regiment, and quickly thrust into prison as a spy. He says, "I told the Yanks I was tired of the rebels and wanted to be free; but they called in some men who were Union men, that lived at my home, and they told the officers I was the worst rebel in the South, and to hold me till they caught my young master, A. W. Key, and hang us both together."

"I staid in that prison six weeks, when one day Gen. Naglee stated he wanted a cook, and some one who knew me told him I was the best cook in the country, so he and Capt. Prather both came and wanted me. I liked the looks of Capt. Prather and in six weeks I owned everything he had; he owed me over a thousand dollars. He gave me a pass to go home for the debt."

"At the battle of Shiloh I was with my young master again, and I tried to shoot him in the calve of the leg so that he would not have to fight any more, but he kept too close a watch on me."

"The second time the Yanks caught me I went into their lines to get \$500,000 in Confederate money. A man who knew me offered me \$100,000 in Confederate money if I would go to a certain store which a Union man kept and bring back the money that was hid there. I didn't like this job, but there was so much money in it that one night I stole out by the camp, and when I had got in the town the first man I met was my worst enemy."

"He was a slave-driver, and had tried to buy me; and when I persuaded my master not to sell me he swore he would get me some day and lick the blood out of me. Well, he clapped me into prison and told me he would have me hung before daylight; and he would, but a lawyer, W. H. Wiseman, who knew me, and that I had money, said if I would

give him \$1,000 he would get me off. I had the money in my shoe sewed between the soles.

"My case was put off time and time again by this lawyer, and one day the inspector said he wanted a good white-washer. I told him that was my regular business, and that my brushes were at a certain store in town. He sent me there with a guard. I went behind the counter and pulled off the sole of my shoe and gave the money to a lady who run the store, and she gave it to Lawyer Wiseman. The next day the rebels raided and captured the place, and I was let go and my money was gone too.

"I had a liniment which I called 'Key-stone Liniment,' and everybody wanted it, so that started me into the medicine business. I used to travel around the country with a minstrel band to attract a crowd, and then sell my medicine. One day a man told me that a circus was going to sell out. I bought some of their horses. Lauretta, the Arabian mother of Jim, was one of them."

A few years later Beautiful Jim Key was foaled, and the interesting story of the years of patient work in teaching him is told elsewhere.

Few men have seen as much varied life as has Dr. Key, and few men have done as much good. It is said that the doctor is worth close onto a hundred thousand dollars, but his love for Jim is so strong that he prefers to travel around with him rather than live in ease.

Mr. Rogers, who bought Jim, and pays Dr. Key a large salary, says he is the most faithful man he ever met. "I would trust him with all I have as I would myself."

The years of patience it took to teach this wonderful horse are only to be equalled by the horse's nearly human intelligence. It has been said that Beautiful Jim Key is a missionary to his kind. Surely Dr. Key has proven that kindness and patience will accomplish much more than force. He even sleeps by the horse, whose life is so wrapped in his own, and in whom he takes such a pride.

## CHILDHOOD'S MEMORY.

VIOLETTE NEATLY BLACKWELL.

It was a dream, a dream of happiness,  
A dream of love, so filled with melody,  
I scarce could breathe for its intensity:  
It was a dream that only girlhood dreams.

It came upon me in the month of June,  
When all the birds were singing in the air,  
And Nature was her loveliest, and fair:  
Oh! it was sweet, too sweet to end so soon.

I'm older now and wiser, and my dreams,  
Those winged messengers of thoughts,  
Are not so youthful, nor so folly fraught:  
They now are dreams that only women dream.

## THE GIFT OF THE GREATEST GOD.

JAMES D. CORROTHERS.

It was in the magic city, in Apollo's temple there,—  
 'Mid scenes of brilliant splendor, and enchanting beauty rare;  
 'Mid domes and spires and minarets; lakes, groves, and flowers and streams,  
 And music sweet as singing in the City of Our Dreams!  
 Thus set, Apollo's temple stood, as fair to mortal eyes  
 As the palace of Aladdin in a land of paradise!  
 And in its walls the president a levee held that day,  
 To greet a grateful people o'er whose hearts his *love* held sway.

Crowned by the law's majestic power, and guarded by its might,  
 The president stood smiling on the people, left and right;  
 And giving, with a stately grace, a friendly clasp of hand  
 To any who might reach him—tho' the humblest in the land.  
 To a mighty organ's pealings, the procession moved along—  
 Merchant and sturdy toiler mingling in the countless throng;  
 Proud dames and merry working girls—high, low; the young and fair—  
 The black and white, and many born in other lands were there.

But, look you! Yonder comes Czolgosz, the stripling, with bound hand,  
 To strike, with serpent's venom, the chief ruler of the land!  
 He has planned the deed with cunning, and will execute it soon—  
 Write, with inky black of Hades, "*Murder*" on the sky of noon!  
 He would bathe the thrones of earth in blood—abolish law and love;  
 Thwart commerce; ruin church and home—tear God from Heaven above;  
 Give lust free rein and crime a throne—set shame and terror free,  
 And light, with burning homes, the mad, red hell of Anarchy!

The president had stopped to kiss a pretty little child,  
 And pat its head; then on the throng again he looked and smiled;  
 Now came the baby's mother; next, Parker, the Negro, there;—  
 And when Czolgosz, and—two quick shots rang sharply on the air.  
 You know the story: How the wounded president sank down;  
 And how brave Parker leaped and bore the assassin to the ground.  
 I read it all, and, tho' my tears fell ere I ceased to read,  
 My heart beat higher as it told of Parker's noble deed!

That night I dreamed the scene again: Anon methought a change  
 Transfigured all.—The moonlight filled the room with beauty strange,  
 While, thro' an open doorway, surged the people, wave on wave,  
 To greet the ebon hero who had done a deed so brave.  
 From every section of the land the grateful people came  
 To load this mighty Son of Ham with trophies of his fame.  
 And from far distant countries, in my dream it seemed to me,  
 Came king and czar and emperor this fearless man to see.

This was not all: Methought the shades of the immortal dead  
 In shadow forms, moved softly with the concourse, haply led  
 By pity for the struggling Race of Man to lend their aid  
 In this dread hour. They came in robes of light and mist arrayed:  
 There Moses, Plato, Shakespeare, Burns, John Brown and Douglass stood,  
 August of mien, and grand of brow, in beauteous brotherhood,—  
 Some with the light of ages garlanded, but all aglow  
 With holy glory, looming grand and god-like here below.

"What shall we give this Negro," cried the populace, as one—  
 "How fittingly reward him for the deed that he hath done?"  
 Answered Kaiser William quickly, "In the Rhine-land, such as he  
 Are knighted; honored; landed; loved and feted royally!"  
 Quoth Edward—"In old England, wrong is wrong and right is right;  
 And, were he there, we'd treat him *like a Briton*—black or white!"  
 Then the Czar said: "To my Russia let this noble black be sent,  
 Where to Pouskin, our black poet, we have reared a monument."

Then Douglass said to Plato: "What *said* I of my race?  
 Said I not the world judged wrongly, when it judged by hue of face?  
 Aye! there are more noble in my race than there 'er were knaves or brutes,  
 And they, like trees uncultured, may not yield their choicest fruits."  
 "Thou 't right," said Plato, nobly; "he hath proved himself a *man*!—  
 Diogenes would name him so, could he his features scan."  
 And Moses said: "Amen! Amen!—*I am made only men*,  
 As Burns hath sung." And John Brown said: "I'd *die* for such again!"

"What shall thy gift be, Parker?" asked a man with blanching cheek.  
 A Negro mother with her babe cried: "Speak! In God's name, speak!"  
 Then Parker said: "O, hear me! This is my request I make;  
 And grant it, not for me alone; but for my people's sake.  
*Set us free* to go as workers in the wide fields of the Lord!  
 We ask no special favors; *labor brings its own reward*!  
 Strike the social chains from off us; let us be as men 'mongst men—  
 And we'll do you deeds as noble as are writ with human pen!

"We do not ask for seats around the white man's fireside,  
 But for opportunities to *work* in fields to us denied—  
 A chance to toil with willing hands at work God made us for,  
 And *not* to do that which we hate, with *self* and *God* at war!  
 We want to live as free men; not as half slaves 'mong the free,  
 With free men's rights and homes in this fair Land of Liberty!  
 'Tis not to enter white men's homes, but to enjoy our own  
 In the land for which our fathers died—the only we have known!"

A consternation fell upon the throng, both young and old,  
 As Parker's voice rang thro' the hall in accents loud and bold.  
 And 't was declared impossible to grant request so rash.  
 "You tried to save our Chief," one said. "What will you take in cash?"  
 But Parker said: "Can it not *be*?" And Plato cried, "For shame!"  
 And Moses rent his robes, and wailed: "It offendeth *God's* high name!"  
 And Douglass wept, and John Brown's face grew stern, as wroth with man,



As he heard *his* people cry: "Alas! *we* can't; and who—*who* can?"  
 But, at that moment, in the door, a wondrous form appeared,  
 And, as he clove the parting throng, the Immortals softly cheered.  
 "It is the dauntless *future*," Plato cried, "the Mightiest!—  
 Who loveth mortals, and is, of Immortals, first and best!"  
 The *future* stood majestic. Calm his brow was; in his speech  
 The awe and music of the waves that kiss the pebbly beach;  
 His face leonine, but fair; and he spake, as the room grew still,  
 "Tho' ye think ye may not do so much, I can, I swear, and—*will!*"

## BRO'R ABR'M JIMSON'S WEDDING.

### A CHRISTMAS STORY.

PAULINE E. HOPKINS.

It was a Sunday in early spring the first time that Caramel Johnson dawned on the congregation of—Church in a populous New England city.

The Afro-Americans of that city are well-to-do, being of a frugal nature, and considering it a lasting disgrace for any man among them, desirous of social standing in the community, not to make himself comfortable in this world's goods against the coming time, when old age creeps on apace and renders him unfit for active business.

Therefore the members of the said church had not waited to be exhorted by reformers to own their unpretentious homes and small farms outside the city limits, but they vied with each other in efforts to accumulate a small competency urged thereto by a realization of what pressing needs the future might bring, or it might have been because of the constant example of white neighbors, and a due respect for the dignity which *their* foresight had brought to the superior race.

Of course, these small Vanderbilts and Astors of a darker hue must have a place of worship in accord with their worldly prosperity, and so it fell out that—church was the richest plum in the ec-

clesiastical pudding, and greatly sought by scholarly divines as a resting place for four years,—the extent of the time-limit allowed by conference to the men who must be provided with suitable charges according to the demands of their energy and scholarship.

The attendance was unusually large for morning service, and a restless movement was noticeable all through the sermon. How strange a thing is nature; the change of the seasons announces itself in all humanity as well as in the trees and flowers, the grass, and in the atmosphere. Something within us responds instantly to the touch of kinship that dwells in all life.

The air, soft and balmy, laden with rich promise for the future, came through the massive, half-open windows, stealing in refreshing waves upon the congregation. The sunlight fell through the colored glass of the windows in prismatic hues, and dancing all over the lofty star-gemmed ceiling, painted the hue of the broad vault of heaven, creeping down in crinkling shadows to touch the deep garnet cushions of the sacred desk, and the rich wood of the altar with a hint of gold.

The offertory was ended. The silvery cadences of a rich soprano voice still lingered on the air, "O, Worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness." There was a suppressed feeling of expectation, but not the faintest rustle as the minister rose in the pulpit, and after a solemn pause, gave the usual invitation:

"If there is anyone in this congregation desiring to unite with this church, either by letter or on probation, please come forward to the altar."

The words had not died upon his lips when a woman started from her seat near the door and passed up the main aisle. There was a sudden commotion on all sides. Many heads were turned—it takes so little to interest a church audience. The girls in the choir-box leaned over the rail, nudged each other and giggled, while the men said to one another, "She's a stunner, and no mistake."

The candidate for membership, meanwhile, had reached the altar railing and stood before the man of God, to whom she had handed her letter from a former Sabbath home, with head decorously bowed as became the time and the holy place. There was no denying the fact that she was a pretty girl; brown of skin, small of feature, with an ever-lurking gleam of laughter in eyes coal black. Her figure was slender and beautifully moulded, with a seductive grace in the undulating walk and erect carriage. But the chief charm of the sparkling dark face lay in its intelligence, and the responsive play of facial expression which was enhanced by two mischievous dimples pressed into the rounded cheeks by the caressing fingers of the god of Love.

The minister whispered to the candidate, coughed, blew his nose on his snowy clerical handkerchief, and, finally, turned to the expectant congregation:

"Sister Chocolate Caramel Johnson—"

He was interrupted by a snicker and a suppressed laugh, again from the choir-

box, and an audible whisper which sounded distinctly throughout the quiet church,—

"I'd get the Legislature to change that if it was mine, 'deed I would!" then silence profound caused by the reverend's stern glance of reproof bent on the offenders in the choir-box.

"Such levity will not be allowed among the members of the choir. If it occurs again, I shall ask the choir master for the names of the offenders and have their places taken by those more worthy to be gospel singers."

Thereupon Mrs. Tilly Anderson whispered to Mrs. Nancy Tobias that, "them choir gals is the mos' deceivines' hussies in the church, an' for my part, I'm glad the pastor called 'em down. That sister's too good lookin' fer 'em, an' they'll be after her like er pack o' houn's, min' me, Sis' Tobias."

Sister Tobias ducked her head in her lap and shook her fat sides in laughing appreciation of the sister's foresight.

Order being restored the minister proceeded:

"Sister Chocolate Caramel Johnson brings a letter to us from our sister church in Nashville, Tennessee. She has been a member in good standing for ten years, having been received into fellowship at ten years of age. She leaves them now, much to their regret, to pursue the study of music at one of the large conservatories in this city, and they recommend her to our love and care. You know the contents of the letter. All in favor of giving Sister Johnson the right hand of fellowship, please manifest the same by a rising vote." The whole congregation rose.

"Contrary minded? None. The ayes have it. Be seated, friends. Sister Johnson it gives me great pleasure to receive you into this church. I welcome you to its joys and sorrows. May God bless you, Brother Jimson?" (Brother Jimson

stepped from his seat to the pastor's side.) "I assign this sister to your class. Sister Johnson, this is Brother Jimson, your future spiritual teacher."

Brother Jimson shook the hand of his new member, warmly, and she returned to her seat. The minister pronounced the benediction over the waiting congregation; the organ burst into richest melody. Slowly the crowd of worshippers dispersed.

Abraham Jimson had made his money as a janitor for the wealthy people of the city. He was a bachelor, and when reproved by some good Christian brother for still dwelling in single blessedness always offered as an excuse that he had been too busy to think of a wife, but that now he was "well fixed," pecuniarily, he would begin to "look over" his lady friends for a suitable companion.

He owned a house in the suburbs and a fine brick dwelling-house in the city proper. He was a trustee of prominence in the church; in fact, its "solid man," and his opinion was sought and his advice acted upon by his associates on the Board. It was felt that any lady in the congregation would be proud to know herself his choice.

When Caramel Johnson received the right hand of fellowship, her aunt, the widow Maria Nash, was ahead in the race for the wealthy class-leader. It had been neck-and-neck for a while between her and Sister Viney Peters, but, finally it had settled down to Sister Maria with a hundred to one, among the sporting members of the Board, that she carried off the prize, for Sister Maria owned a house adjoining Brother Jimson's in the suburbs, and property counts these days.

Sister Nash had "no idea" when she sent for her niece to come to B. that the latter would prove a rival; her son Andy was as good as engaged to Caramel. But it is always the unexpected that happens. Caramel came, and Brother Jimson had no eyes for the charms of other women

after he had gazed into her coal black orbs, and watched her dimples come and go.

Caramel decided to accept a position as housemaid in order to help defray the expenses of her tuition at the conservatory, and Brother Jimson interested himself so warmly in her behalf that she soon had a situation in the home of his richest patron where it was handy for him to chat with her about the business of the church, and the welfare of her soul, in general. Things progressed very smoothly until the fall, when one day Sister Maria had occasion to call, unexpectedly, on her niece and found Brother Jimson basking in her smiles while he enjoyed a sumptuous dinner of roast chicken and fixings.

To say that Sister Maria was "set way back" would not accurately describe her feelings; but from that time Abraham Jimson knew that he had a secret foe in the Widow Nash.

Before many weeks had passed it was publicly known that Brother Jimson would lead Caramel Johnson to the altar "come Christmas." There was much sly speculation as to the "widdie's gittin' left," and how she took it from those who had cast hopeless glances toward the chief man of the church. Great preparations were set on foot for the wedding festivities. The bride's trousseau was a present from the groom and included a white satin wedding gown and a costly gold watch. The town house was refurnished, and a trip to New York was in contemplation.

"Hump!" grunted Sister Nash when told the rumors, "there's no fool like an ol' fool. Car'mel's a han'ful he'll fin', ef he gits her."

"I reckon he'll git her all right, Sis' Nash," laughed the neighbor, who had run in to talk over the news.

"I've said my word an' I ain't goin' change it, Sis'r. Min' me, I says, *ef he gits her*, an, I mean it."

Andy Nash was also a member of Brother Jimson's class; he possessed, too, a strong sweet baritone voice which made him of great value to the choir. He was an immense success in the social life of the city, and had created sad havoc with the hearts of the colored girls; he could have his pick of the best of them because of his graceful figure and fine easy manners. Until Caramel had been dazzled by the wealth of her elderly lover, she had considered herself fortunate as the lady of his choice.

It was Sunday, three weeks before the wedding that Andy resolved to have it out with Caramel.

"She's been hot an' she's been col', an' now she's luke warm, an' today ends it before this gent-man sleeps," he told himself as he stood before the glass and tied his pale blue silk tie in a stunning knot, and settled his glossy tile at a becoming angle.

'Brother Jimson's class was a popular one and had a large membership; the hour spent there was much enjoyed, even by visitors. Andy went into the vestry early resolved to meet Caramel if possible. She was there, at the back of the room sitting alone on a settee. Andy immediately seated himself in the vacant place by her side. There were whispers and much head-shaking among the few early worshippers, all of whom knew the story of the young fellow's romance and his disappointment.

As he dropped into the seat beside her, Caramel turned her large eyes on him intently, speculatively, with a doubtful sort of curiosity suggested in her expression, as to how he took her flagrant desertion.

"Howdy, Car'mel?" was his greeting without a shade of resentment.

"I'm well; no need to ask how you are," was the quick response. There was a mixture of cordiality and coquetry in her manner. Her eyes narrowed and glittered under lowered lids, as she gave him

a long side-glance. How could she help showing her admiration for the supple young giant beside her? "Surely," she told herself "I'll have long time enough to git sick of old rheumatics," her pet name for her elderly lover.

"I ain't sick much," was Andy's surly reply.

He leaned his elbow on the back of the settee and gave his recreant sweetheart a flaming glance of mingled love and hate, oblivious to the presence of the assembled class-members.

"You ain't over friendly these days, Car'mel, but I gits news of your capers 'roun' 'bout some of the members."

"My—Yes?" she answered as she flashed her great eyes at him in pretended surprise. He laughed a laugh not good to hear.

"Yes," he drawled. Then he added with sudden energy, "Are you goin' to tie up to old Rheumatism sure 'nuff, come Chris'mas?"

"Come Chris'mas, Andy, I be. I hate to tell you but I have to do it."

He recoiled as from a blow. As for the girl, she found a keen relish in the situation; it flattered her vanity.

"How comes it you've changed your mind, Car'mel, 'bout you an' me? You've tol' me often that I was your first choice."

"We—ll," she drawled, glancing uneasily about her and avoiding her aunt's gaze, which she knew was bent upon her every movement, "I did reckon once I would. But a man with money suits me best, an' you ain't got a cent."

"No more have you. You ain't no better than other women to work an' help a man along, is you?"

The color flamed an instant in her face turning the dusky skin to a deep, dull red.

"Andy Nash, you always was a fool, an' as ignerunt as a wil' Injun. I mean to have a sure nuff brick house an' plenty of money. That makes people respect you. Why don' you quit bein' so shifless



and save your money. You ain't worth your salt."

"Your head's turned with pianorer-playin' an' livin' up North. Ef you'll turn *him* off an' come back home, I'll turn over a new leaf, Car'mel," his voice was soft and persuasive enough now.

She had risen to her feet; her eyes flashed, her face was full of pride.

"I won't. I've quit likin' you, Andy Nash."

"Are you in earnest?" he asked, also rising from his seat.

"Dead earnest'."

"Then there's no more to be said."

He spoke calmly, not raising his voice above a whisper. She stared at him in surprise. Then he added as he swung on his heel preparatory to leaving her:

"You ain't got him yet, my gal. But remember, I'm waitin' for you when you need me."

While this whispered conference was taking place in the back part of the vestry, Brother Jimson had entered, and many an anxious glance he cast in the direction of the couple. Andy made his way slowly to his mother's side as Brother Jimson rose in his place to open the meeting. There was a commotion on all sides as the members rustled down on their knees for prayer. Widow Nash whispered to her son as they knelt side by side:

"How did you make out, Andy?"

"Didn't make out at all, mammy; she's as obstinate as a mule."

"Well, then, there's only one thing mo' to do."

Andy was unpleasant company for the remainder of the day. He sought, but found nothing to palliate Caramel's treachery. He had only surly, bitter words for his companions who ventured to address him, as the outward expression of inward tumult. The more he brooded over his wrongs the worse he felt. When he went to work on Monday morning he was feeling vicious. He had made up

his mind to do something desperate. The wedding should not come off. He would be avenged.

Andy went about his work at the hotel in gloomy silence unlike his usual gay hilarity. It happened that all the female help at the great hostelry was white, and on that particular Monday morning it was the duty of Bridget McCarthy's watch to clean the floors. Bridget was also not in the best of humors, for Pat McClosky, her special company, had gone to the priest's with her rival, Kate Connerton, on Sunday afternoon, and Bridget had not yet got over the effects of a strong rum punch taken to quiet her nerves after hearing the news.

Bridget had scrubbed a wide swath of the marble floor when Andy came through with a rush order carried in scientific style high above his head, balanced on one hand. Intent upon satisfying the guest who was princely in his "tips," Andy's unwary feet became entangled in the maelstrom of brooms, scrubbing-brushes and pails. In an instant the "order" was sliding over the floor in a general mix-up.

To say Bridget was mad wouldn't do her state justice. She forgot herself and her surroundings and relieved her feelings in elegant Irish, ending a tirade of abuse by calling Andy a "wall-eyed, bandy-legged nagur."

Andy couldn't stand that from "common, po' white trash," so calling all his science into play he struck out straight from the shoulder with his right, and brought her a swinging blow on the mouth, which seated her neatly in the five-gallon bowl of freshly made lobster salad which happened to be standing on the floor behind her.

There was a wail from the kitchen force that reached to every department. It being the busiest hour of the day when they served dinner, the dish-washers and scrubbers went on a strike against the "nagur who struck Bridget McCarthy,

the baste," mingled with cries of "lynch him!" Instantly the great basement floor was a battle ground. Every colored man seized whatever was handiest and ranged himself by Andy's side, and stood ready to receive the onslaught of the Irish brigade. For the sake of peace, and sorely against his inclinations, the proprietor surrendered Andy to the police on a charge of assault and battery.

On Wednesday morning of that eventful week, Brother Jimson wended his way to his house in the suburbs to collect the rent. Unseen by the eye of man, he was wrestling with a problem that had shadowed his life for many years. No one on earth suspected him unless it might be the widow. Brother Jimson boasted of his consistent Christian life—rolled his piety like a sweet morsel beneath his tongue, and had deluded himself into thinking that *he* could do no sin. There were scoffers in the church who doubted the genuineness of his pretensions, and he believed that there was a movement on foot against his power led by Widow Nash.

Brother Jimson groaned in bitterness of spirit. His only fear was that he might be parted from Caramel. If he lost her he felt that all happiness in life was over for him, and anxiety gave him a sickening feeling of unrest. He was tormented, too, by jealousy; and when he was called upon by Andy's anxious mother to rescue her son from the clutches of the law, he had promised her fair enough, but in reality resolved to do nothing but—tell the judge that Andy was a dangerous character whom it was best to quell by severity. The pastor and all the other influential members of the church were at court on Tuesday, but Brother Jimson was conspicuous by his absence.

Today Brother Jimson resolved to call on Sister Nash, and, as he had heard nothing of the outcome of the trial, make cautious inquiries concerning that, and

also sound her on the subject nearest his heart.

He opened the gate and walked down the side path to the back door. From within came the rhythmic sound of a rubbing board. The brother knocked, and then cleared his throat with a preliminary cough.

"Come," called a voice within. As the door swung open it revealed the spare form of the widow, who with sleeves rolled above her elbows stood at the tub cutting her way through piles of foaming suds.

"Mornin', Sis' Nash! How's all?"

"That you, Bro'r Jimson? How's yourself? Take a cheer an' make yourself to home."

"Cert'nly, Sis' Nash; don' care ef I do, "and the good brother scanned the sister with an eagle eye. "Yas'm, I'm purty tol'able these days, thank God. Bleeg'd to you, Sister, I jes' will stop an' res' myself befo' I repair myself back to the city." He seated himself in the most comfortable chair in the room, tilted it on the two back legs against the wall, lit his pipe and with a grunt of satisfaction settled back to watch the white rings of smoke curl about his head.

"These are mighty ticklish times, Sister. How's you continue on the journey? Is you strong in the faith?"

"I've got the faith, my brother, but I ain't on no mountain top this week. I'm way down in the valley; I'm jes' coaxin' the Lord to keep me sweet," and Sister Nash wiped the ends from her hands and prodded the clothes in the boiler with the clothes-stick, added fresh pieces and went on with her work.

"This is a worl' strewed with wrecks an' floatin' with tears. It's the valley of tribulation. May your faith continue. I hear Jim Jenkins has bought a farm up Taunton way."

"Wan' ter know!"

"Doctor tells me Bro'r Waters is comin' after Chris-mus. They do say as how

he's stirrin' up things turrible; he's easin' his min' on this lynchin' business, an' it's high time—high time."

"Sho! Don' say so! What you reck'n he's goin' tell us now, Brother Jimson?"

"Suthin' 'stonishin', Sister; it'll stir the country from end to end. Yes'm, the Council is powerful strong as an organ'zation."

"Sho! sho!" and the "thrub, thrub" of the board could be heard a mile away.

The conversation flagged. Evidently Widow Nash was not in a talkative mood that morning. The brother was disappointed.

"Well, it's mighty comfort'ble here, but I mus' be goin'."

"What's your hurry, Brother Jimson?"

"Business, Sister, business," and the brother brought his chair forward preparatory to rising. "Where's Andy? How'd he come out of that little difficulty?"

"Locked up."

"You don' mean to say he's in jail?"

"Yes; he's in jail 'till I git's his bail."

"What might the sentence be, Sister?"

"Twenty dollars fine or six months at the Islan'." There was silence for a moment, broken only by the "thrub, thrub" of the washboard, while the smoke curled upward from Brother Jimson's pipe as he enjoyed a few last puffs.

"These are mighty ticklish times, Sister. Po' Andy, the way of the transgressor is hard."

Sister Nash took her hands out of the tub and stood with arms akimbo, a statue of Justice carved in ebony. Her voice was like the trump of doom.

"Yes; an' men like you is the cause of it. You leadin' men with money an' chances don' do your duty. I arst you, I arst you fair, to go down to the jedge an' bail that po' chile out. Did you go? No; you hard-faced old devil, you lef him be there, an' I had to git the money from my white folks. Yes, an' I'm breakin' my back now, over that pile of clo's to pay

that twenty dollars. Um! all the trouble comes to us women."

"That's so, Sister; that's the livin' truth," murmured Brother Jimson furtively watching the rising storm and wondering where the lightning of her speech would strike next.

"I tell you what it is our receiptfulness to each other is the reason we don' prosper an' God's a-punishin' us with fire an' with sward 'cause we's so jealous an' snaky to each other."

"That's so, Sister; that's the livin' truth."

"Yes, sir; a nigger's boun' to be a nigger 'till the trump of doom. You kin skin him, but he's a nigger still. Broadcloth, biled shirts an' money won' make him more or less, no, sir."

"That's so, Sister; that's jes' so."

"A nigger can't help himself. White folks can run agin the law all the time an' they never gits caught, but a nigger! Every time he opens his mouth he puts his foot in it—got to hit that po' white trash gal in the mouth an' git jailed, an' leave his po'r ol' mother to work her fingers to the secon' jint to git him out. Um!"

"These are mighty ticklish times, Sister. Man's boun' to sin; it's his nat'ral state. I hope this will teach Andy humility of the sperit."

"A little humility'd be good for yourself, Abra'm Jimson." Sister Nash ceased her sobs and set her teeth hard.

"Lord, Sister Nash, what compar'son is there 'twixt me an' a worthless nigger like Andy? My business is with the salt of the earth, an' so I have dwelt ever since I was consecrated."

"Salt, of the earth! But ef the salt have los' its saver how you goin' salt it ergin'? No, sir, you cain't do it; it mus' be cas' out an' trodded under foot of men. That's who's goin' happen you Abe Jimson, hyar me? An' I'd like to trod on you with my foot, an' every ol' good fer nuthin' bag o' salt like you," shouted Sis-

ter Nash. "You're a snake in the grass; you done stole the boy's gal an' then try to git him sent to the Islan'. You cain't deny it, fer the jedge done tol' me all you said, you ol' rhinoceros-hided hypercrite. Salt of the earth! You!"

Brother Jimson regretted that Widow Nash had found him out. Slowly he turned, settling his hat on the back of his head.

"Good mornin', Sister Nash. I ain't no hard feelin's agains' you. I'm too near to the kindom to let trifles jar me. My bowels of compassion yearns over you, Sister, a pilgrim an' a stranger in this unfriendly worl'."

No answer from Sister Nash. Brother Jimson lingered.

"Good mornin', Sister," still no answer.

"I hope to see you at the weddin', Sister."

"Keep on hopin'; I'll be there. That gal's my own sister's chile. What in time she wants of a rheumatic ol' sap-head like you for, beats me. I wouldn't marry you for no money, myself; no, sir; it's my belief that you've done goophered her."

"Yes, Sister; I've hearn tell of people refusin' befo' they was ask'd," he retorted, giving her a sly look.

For answer the widow grabbed the clothes-stick and flung it at him in speechless rage.

"My, what a temper it's got," remarked Brother Jimson soothingly as he dodged the shovel, the broom, the coal-hod and the stove-covers. But he sighed with relief as he turned into the street and caught the faint sound of the wash-board now resumed.

\* \* \* \* \*

To a New Englander the season of snow and ice with its clear biting atmosphere, is the ideal time for the great festival. Christmas morning dawned in royal splendor; the sun kissed the snowy streets and turned the icicles into brilliant

stalactites. The bells rang a joyous call from every steeple, and soon the churches were crowded with eager worshippers—eager to hear again the oft-repeated, the wonderful story on which the heart of the whole Christian world feeds its faith and hope. Words of tender faith, marvellous in their simplicity fell from the lips of a world-renowned preacher, and touched the hearts of the listening multitude:

"The winter sunshine is not more bright and clear than the atmosphere of living joy, which stretching back between our eyes and that picture of Bethlehem, shows us its beauty in unstained freshness. And as we open once again those chapters of the gospel in which the ever fresh and living picture stands, there seems from year to year always to come some newer, brighter meaning into the words that tell the tale.

St. Matthew says that when Jesus was born in Bethlehem the wise men came from the East to Jerusalem. The East means man's search after God; Jerusalem means God's search after man. The East means the religion of the devout soul; Jerusalem means the religion of the merciful God. The East means Job's cry, 'Oh, that I knew where I might find him!' Jerusalem means 'Immanuel—God with us.'"

Then the deep-toned organ joined the grand chorus of human voices in a fervent hymn of praise and thanksgiving:

"Lo! the Morning Star appeareth,  
O'er the world His beams are cast;  
He the Alpha and Omega,  
He, the Great, the First the Last!  
Hallelujah! hallelujah!  
Let the heavenly portal ring!  
Christ is born, the Prince of glory!  
Christ the Lord, Messiah, King!"

Everyone of prominence in church circles had been bidden to the Jimson wedding. The presents were many and costly. Early after service on Christmas



morning the vestry room were taken in hand by leading sisters to prepare the tables for the supper, for on account of the host of friends bidden to the feast, the reception was to be held in the vestry.

The tables groaned beneath their loads of turkey, salads, pies, puddings, cakes and fancy ices.

Yards and yards of evergreen wreaths encircled the granite pillars; the altar was banked with potted plants and cut flowers. It was a beautiful sight. The main aisle was roped off for the invited guests, with white satin ribbons.

Brother Jimson's patrons were to be present in a body, and they had sent the bride a solid silver service, so magnificent that the sisters could only sigh with envy.

The ceremony was to take place at seven sharp. Long before that hour the ushers in full evening dress, were ready to receive the guests. Sister Maria Nash was among the first to arrive, and even the Queen of Sheba was not arrayed like unto her. At fifteen minutes before the hour, the organist began an elaborate instrumental performance. There was an expectant hush and much head-turning when the music changed to the familiar strains of the "Wedding March." The minister took his place inside the railing ready to receive the party. The groom waited at the altar.

First came the ushers, then the maids of honor, then the flower girl—daughter of a prominent member—carrying a basket of flowers which she scattered before the bride, who was on the arm of the best man. In the bustle and confusion incident to the entrance of the wedding party no one noticed a group of strangers accompanied by Andy Nash, enter and occupy seats near the door.

The service began. All was quiet. The pastor's words fell clearly upon the listening ears. He had reached the words:

"If any man can show just cause, etc., when like a thunder-clap came a voice from the back part of the house—an

angry excited voice, and a woman of ponderous avoirdupois advanced up the aisle.

"Hol' on thar, pastor, hol'on! A man cain't have but one wife 'cause it's agin' the law. I'm Abe Jimson's lawful wife, an' hyars his six children—all boys—to pint out their daddy." In an instant the assembly was in confusion.

"My soul," exclaimed Viney Peters, "the ol' sarpen'! An' to think how near I come to takin' up with him. I'm glad I ain't Car'mel."

Sis'r Maria said nothing, but a smile of triumph lit up her countenance.

"Brother Jimson, is this true?" demanded the minister, sternly. But Abraham Jimson was past answering. His face was ashen, his teeth chattering, his hair standing on end. His shaking limbs refused to uphold his weight; he sank upon his knees on the steps of the altar.

But now a hand was laid upon his shoulder and Mrs. Jimson hauled him up on his feet with a jerk.

"Abe Jimson, you know me. You run'd 'way from me up North fifteen year ago, an' you hid yourself like a groun' hog in a hole, but I've got you. There'll be no new wife in the Jimson family this week. I'm yer fus' wife an' I'll be yer las' one. Git up hyar now, you mis'able sinner an' tell the pastor who I be." Brother Jimson meekly obeyed the clarion voice. His sanctified air had vanished; his pride humbled into the dust.

"Pastor," came in trembling tones from his quivering lips. "These are mighty ticklish times." He paused. A deep silence followed his words. "I'm a weak-kneed, mis'able sinner. I have fallen under temptation. This is Ma' Jane, my wife, an' these hyar boys is my sons, God forgive me."

The bride, who had been forgotten now, broke in:

"Abraham Jimson, you ought to be hung. I'm goin' to sue you for breach

of promise." It was a fatal remark. Mrs. Jimson turned upon her.

"You will, will you? Sue him, will you? I'll make a choc'late Car'mel of you befo' I'm done with you, you 'ceitful hus-sy, hoodooin' hones' men from thar wives."

She sprang upon the girl, tearing, biting, rendering. The satin gown and gossamar veil were reduced to rags. Caramel emitted a series of ear-splitting shrieks, but the biting and tearing went on. How it might have ended no one can tell if Andy had not sprang over the backs of the pews and grappled with the infuriated woman.

The excitement was intense. Men and women struggled to get out of the church.

Some jumped from the windows and others crawled under the pews, where they were secure from violence. In the midst of the melee, Brother Jimson disappeared and was never seen again, and Mrs. Jimson came into possession of his property by due process of law.

In the church Abraham Jimson's wedding and his fall from grace is still spoken of in eloquent whispers.

In the home of Mrs. Andy Nash a motto adorns the parlor walls worked in scarlet wool and handsomely framed in gilt. The text reads: "Ye are the salt of the earth; there is nothing hidden that shall not be revealed."

## A VOW.

FLAVEL HENRI LACQUES-WAGGONER.

Love, we are one!

No abyss of Time or Tide can part us now!

The fatal words we've spoken, and 'tis done,

Ever beyond recall.

Whatever may befall,

Whatever may befall, I say,

Time can not, God will not break the union of this day!

Lo! my soul I proffer you,

Open as the day.

No crevice of its inmost depths is hid from view.

Free, as an open scroll

To thee, my king, and only thee,

As an open book, I say;

Thou mayst turn each charmed page and see—

Read what my soul sayeth, what my soul prayeth unto thee



## HAGAR'S DAUGHTER.\*

*A Story of Southern Caste Prejudice.*

SARAH A. ALLEN.

## SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I. TO XXVIII.

**DURING** December, 1830, the rebellious political spirit of the country leaped all barriers and culminated in treason.

Closely associated with the Confederate leaders, was St. Clair Enson, son of an aristocratic Maryland family, who hoped, by rendering valuable aid to the founders of the new government, to re-establish himself socially and financially. While in Charleston, S. C., attending the convention preliminary to the formation of the new government, he received a letter announcing the birth of his brother's heiress. This enraged Enson who saw in it the loss of his patrimony. He fell in with a notorious slave-trader named Walker, who accompanied him on his homeward trip on the steamer "Planter." Walker offers to show him a way out of his difficulties for ten thousand dollars.

St. Clair Enson's brother Ellis had married Miss Hagar Sargeant, a beauty and an heiress. A daughter was born. Soon after this St. Clair arrives at Enson Hall accompanied by Walker. He claims that Enson has a slave of his on the plantation. Enson denies the charge.

Walker explains that, being childless, Mr. and Mrs. Sargeant, while living at St. Louis, took an octroon slave from him to bring up. He declares that Hagar is that child, and produces papers to prove his claim. Hagar recognizes the man, and faints at sight of him.

Ellis buys Hagar and the child of Walker. Unable to bear the disgrace of having married a Negress, decided to leave home, but loving his wife very dearly, concludes to go abroad, and live where they are unknown. St. Clair overhears the plan and informs Walker. Enson leaves home to make arrangements for journey. At end of three weeks his dead body is found in some woods on the estate.

Hagar accuses St. Clair and Walker of murdering Ellis. Then St. Clair gives Walker permission to sell Hagar and the child in the Washington slave market. Hagar, with the child, leaves into the Potomac River.

The story next opens in the winter of 1882, in the city of Washington, D. C.

The event of the season is a grand ball about to be given at the home of Senator Zenas Bowen who has a charming wife and a beautiful young daughter. Jewel, engaged to Cuthbert Sumner, a rich New Englander, private secretary for General Benson, chief of a department.

At the theatre one night, society is stirred by the advent of a new beauty, Miss Aurelia Madison, to whom Sumner was at one time engaged, a fact that he has concealed from Jewel.

General Benson has fallen in love with Jewel and determines to win her and her fortune of ten million. To this end, he plots with Major Madison and Aurelia to separate the lovers.

Aurelia Madison becomes fast friends with Jewel on the strength of an old school acquaintance at the Canadian convent. She secures an invitation to the ball and appears there, creating a sensation.

On the night of the ball, and near its close, by a series of preconcerted arrangements, Jewel, who had gone to the conservatory with General Benson, sees Aurelia in Sumner's arms; she believes him in love with her beautiful friend.

Jewel breaks her engagement with Sumner. Refuses to see him or read his letters. Accepts General Benson's attentions and at last their engagement is announced.

Cuthbert Sumner resigns his position under General Benson resolved to leave Washington. The latter goes on a trip with other government officials and leaves Sumner in charge of the office. He and Miss Bradford are obliged to work overtime on special work. She tells him of her former relations with General Benson, and says by threatening exposure she has induced him to promise her marriage at Easter. Sumner leaves her to finish her work at the office, stunned by what he has heard. She is murdered. The next morning he is arrested.

Aunt Henny Sargeant, scrub woman at Treasury Building, disappears on same night of Bradford murder.

Jewel Benson visits Cuthbert Sumner in prison. Explanations are made, and they resolve to marry immediately. She visits E. Henson, chief of the secret service division, and places Sumner's case in his hands.

Cuthbert Sumner and Jewel Benson are married in the prison. At the hearing before the Grand Jury Sumner is held for trial in September. Senator Bowen, who is taken suddenly ill in New York, is brought home and dies the next day. After the funeral General Benson presents a will signed by Senator Bowen, that leaves the entire estate in his hands, together with Major Madison. Jewel Benson is abducted at the very entrance to her home.

## CHAPTER XXVIII (Concluded).

When Jewel came to herself she was lying on an old-fashioned canopied bed with a coverlet thrown over her. The room was evidently, originally designed for a studio, and was lighted by a skylight; even now a flood of sunlight streamed from above, making more dingy and faded by comparison the appearance of the dusty canvases and once luxurious furniture scattered about the apartment. Evidences of decay were everywhere; a broken easel leant against the wall, and on a table odds and ends of tubes, brushes and other artistic paraphernalia were heaped in a disorderly mass. There were

also a couch and easy chairs in faded brocade.

The girl looked about her with languid interest scarcely realizing what had happened to disturb the serenity of her daily life. Presently, however, the power of thought returned and with it a flood of memories concerning the outrage of the night before. She was a prisoner, but where?

What a terrible sensation it was to wake to the consciousness of being a prisoner! A prisoner! she, Jewel Bowen, who until recently had never known a care in her short existence of twenty years. Now all the waves and billows of life were passing over her threatening to

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engulf her. Could it be that all her bright hopes for the future were to end here in this lonely chamber?

With the thought she arose hastily from the bed and began walking despairingly about, examining the room. After a tour of the apartment she gave it up. Her prison was well-chosen. The doors were bolted, and no window gave a possibility of escape. There was no chance of attracting attention, by her cries, from passers-by, even if scores of persons traversed the streets about this house; no one would know that within its walls a desolate girl suffered the keenest of mental torture.

She paced the room frantically, and shook the doors of her prison violently until she was obliged to sink exhausted upon the couch. "They will hardly let me die of hunger," she told herself, resolving to save her strength for questioning whoever should bring her food.

Crouching upon the couch, she listened. Not a sound broke upon her ear. It seemed to her that desolation engulfed her. Presently, as she sat there, the sound of a footfall came to her strained ears, then a key grated in the lock, the door swung open, and a tall, pleasant-featured black man entered the room, bearing a tray. He carefully locked the door behind him, removing the key from the lock. He wheeled forward a small table and deftly arranged the contents of the tray upon it.

Jewel launched an avalanche of questions at him, but he returned no answer. He went and returned a number of times, bringing her clothing, books and luxuries of the toilet, all indicating that a long captivity was in prospect. At lunch time an aged Negress brought her food, but all efforts to engage her in conversation were unavailing; a more morose and repulsive specimen of the race Jewel had never met.

After this there was a monotonous in-

terval of time passed in the agony of silence. Her meals were furnished regularly and all other needs lavishly supplied. One day was the record of another.

Four weeks must have passed since she was brought to this place, still she had no knowledge of her captors, nor where her prison was located. One change, however, was made—they gave her the freedom of an adjoining room as the summer heat increased, but the windows were barred and looked out upon extensive gardens filled with the ruins of what must once have been buildings and offices of a large plantation. The once well-kept walks were overgrown with weeds, and a heavy growth of trees obstructed the view in all directions.

One night she sat by the window gazing at the stars and eating her heart out in agony and tears. She could not sleep; insomnia had added its horrors to her other troubles. Suddenly the sky became overcast and the stars disappeared. A storm threatened. Low mutterings of thunder and gusts of rising wind foretold a summer shower. At intervals a lightning flash lit up the inky blackness of the scene. Finally the flashes became so vivid that the girl moved her seat from the window to a less exposed position with a scornful laugh at her own fear of death. "Truly," she thought bitterly, "self-preservation has been called the first law of nature. How we strive to preserve that which is of so little value."

Up and down the sides of the room her eyes wandered aimlessly; sometimes she felt that she was losing her mind. Presently a painting fixed into the wall arrested her attention. It was the portrait of an impossible wood nymph, but so faded that its beauty—if it had once possessed any—was entirely gone.

As she gazed at it indifferently the centre bulged outward, and a small strip of canvas swung to and fro as if from a draught of air.



Jewel sprang to her feet and ran to the picture. She trembled with sudden hope. Where did the draught come from? Carefully she raised the torn strip of canvas and inserted her hand beneath it, feeling along the wall back of the picture. There was a narrow recess behind it. Greatly excited by this discovery, she flew to the table where her dinner-service still remained, seized a knife and cut the canvas close to the frame for a good distance up. Then she tremblingly raised the cloth.

Oh! joy! it revealed a passage usually closed by a door which had become unfastened and now swung idly in the breeze made by the rising wind.

Thank heaven, it was an hour when she was free from interruption. No one would disturb her until morning. She took the lamp in her hand. Escape seemed very near. Scarcely waiting to widen the aperture, she crept through, and soon stood, covered with dust, trembling, shaken with emotion, in the dark passage which the canvas had hidden.

She paused and strained her ears to listen for sounds in the silent house. None came. Then she crept on very, very cautiously.

The passage was dark. It had evidently led to the servants' quarters at the back of the house when mirth and gaiety held high revel in the glorious old mansion. She went swiftly on, till she came to a black baize door. She pushed it open with little difficulty. Here she paused irresolute, for this door gave admission to the front of the house; there was a passage at right angles with the one just quitted, with stairs leading above and below. She glided toward the latter, seized hold of the banisters, descended into another passage with many doors opening into it. The doors were all closed.

What a rambling old place it was. In the excitement of the instant she had felt

no terror, but now an icy chill seized her and her heart throbbed heavily.

She noticed now that one of the doors in the passage was ajar! Dare she pass it? To advance was appalling, but the case was a desperate one. With her heart throbbing wildly she stood motionless one instant, then she ventured past the unclosed door.

She shaded her lamp with one hand and with fascinated gaze took in, in one brief instant, the contents of the room. Her eyes wandered from the bare floor and walls to the table, the two chairs, and then to a bed in one corner. There her gaze lingered, for on the bed lay a woman of dark brown complexion and wrinkled visage; about her head was wound a many-hued bandanna handkerchief. The woman's eyes were open and fixed in terror and amazement upon the girl who had just entered the room. They gazed at each other for one moment, these two so strangely met, then the old woman threw her arms above her head, exclaiming:

"Bless Gawd! I'se ready! Praise de Lor'! He done sen' his Angel Gabriel to tote me home to glory."

The sound of her voice broke the spell that bound Jewel.

"Who are you, Auntie, and what makes you think me an angel?"

"Lor', honey, is you human sho' nuff? Why when I seen yo' face er-shinin' on me dar, an' hearn yer sof' step comin' en de lonely night, I made sho' it was de Lor' come to carry dis' po' sinner to er home in glory. I 'spec' I been shut up here so long I'se gittin' doaty. I'se a po' ol' black 'ooman, been dragged 'way from my home an' chillun an' locked up here by a limb o' de debbil 'cause he's 'fraid I tell his wicked actions. But 'deed chile, whar'd you come from? Does you live in dis place?"

Jewel shook her head sadly.

"I'm a prisoner, too, Auntie. I've been

shut up here for four weeks now. I happened to find a way out of my room to-night, and I thought I might possibly escape. Can you tell me where I am?"

"Yes, honey, I can. You's down on de ol' Enson plantation in Ma'lan'. I was born on de nex' joinin' place myself. But who brung you here? What's your name, chile?"

"I haven't seen my captor yet, but I believe it to be General Benson. My name is Jewel Bowen."

"Mercy, King! My lovely Lor'd, but ain't dis curus?" exclaimed the old woman, greatly excited. "My gran'darter is yo' waiter, Venus Johnson!"

It was now Jewel's turn to become excited.

"Then you are ——?"

"Aunt Hennie Sargent; dat's me."

#### CHAPTER XXIX.

Meanwhile there was mourning at the Bowen mansion, for the joy of the house had fled with Jewel. Mrs. Bowen sent for the family lawyer and then went to bed; trouble was wearing her out, and there was danger of her becoming a confirmed invalid.

Mr. Cameron put the machinery of the law in motion to find the missing girl, but there progress seemed to end.

Now the sorely tried mistress discovered what a treasure she had in the maid Venus. The girl was everywhere attending to the business of the house and waiting on the invalid mistress. She visited the jail with news for the restless unhappy man confined there, never seeming to weary in well-doing. Venus preserved a discreet silence concerning the letter received on the night of the abduction, but the brain of the little brown maid was busy. She had her own ideas about certain things, and was planning for the deliverance of her loved young mistress.

When Jewel had been absent about two weeks, Venus asked leave to pay her

mother a visit one evening. Marthy had heard nothing from the police in relation to Aunt Hennie, and she was overjoyed to see her daughter; it gave her an opportunity to pour her sorrows and griefs into sympathetic ears.

She bustled about the neat kitchen setting out the best that her home afforded for supper, and Oliver dropped his books in honor of his sister's visit, making it a festival.

When the meal was on the table, smoking hot,—corn pone, gumbo soup, chicken and rice and coffee of an amber hue,—the children ate with gusto. The mother's eyes shone with happiness as she watched their enjoyment, pressing upon them, at intervals, extra helps.

"Have some mo' this gumbo soup, my baby. I reckon you don' git nothin' like it up yonder with all the fixin's you has there."

"Well, my Lord, ma, I won't be able to walk to the cars if I keep on stuffing myself," replied Venus as her mother filled her plate again with the delicious soup.

"Say, Venus," broke in Oliver, with a grin on his mischievous face, "who's the good-looking buck that came to the end of the street with you the last time you were home?"

"What's that?" cried Marthy, sharply.

Oliver laughed and clapped his hands, "Ma's like a hen with chickens; she's afraid of the fellows, Vennie."

Venus laughed, too, a little shamefacedly. "Oh, now, Ollie, ain't you got no cover to your mouth? That was Mr. Sumner's man, John. I had to see him about a message from Mrs. Bowen to Mr. Sumner, and so he was polite enough to come with me to our street, it being pretty dark."

"That's all right," said Marthy in a relieved tone. "Mr. Williams is a perfect gent'man. You're only a leetle gal, Venus, if you is out to work, an' there's time 'nuff for you to git into trubble. You

don' wan' to fill yo' head up with 'viggotty notions 'bout fellars yet. I got merried young when I'd doughter been playin' with baby rags; I don' want my gal to take on eny mo' trubble en her haid than she can kick off at her heels. You Venus, mark my wurd, an' 'member what I tell's you ef I'm moulderin' in the clay to dus' an' ashes tomorrer,—gittin' jined to a man's a turrible 'spons'bility, 'specially the man. You want to think well an' cal'ate the consequences of the prevus ac'. Mymy, mymy!" she continued musingly, "how that carries me back to the las' time ol' Mis' Sargeant whopped me. She says to me, 'Marthy, did you take the money off my dresser table? tell me the troof,' and I dussan' lie, an' so I said 'Ys'm; Ike Johnson tol' me to do it an' he'd buy me a red ribbin fer my hair.' Ol' miss says 'Marthy, you's 'mitted the *prevus' ac'*, an' I'm gwine whop you,' an' the ol' lady laid it onto me right smart with her slipper. Ike Johnson's been gittin' me inter trubble ever sense that time.

Oliver, when you was born an' I foun' you was a man chile I said to myself, 'Lord, how come you let me bring one of them mule critters into the wurl to make trubble for some po' 'ooman? An' ef ever you git jined, an' treat yo' wife as yo' pa's treated me, I hope you'll git yo' match, an' she'll wallop the yearth with you, 'deed I does."

"Daddy been home lately?" asked Venus carelessly after the meal was cleared away.

"No, chile, he ain't," replied her mother. "He was home—le' me see—jes' befo' the fus' of the munf. He brought me the mor'gage money."

"How much was it?"

"Four hundred dollars Venus, chile, you could have knocked me down with a feather, I was so outdone from 'stonishmen' when he throwed it into my lap and said 'dar's yo' mo'gage.'"

"Now, ma, where'd he get *all* that

money I'd like to know? He never got it honest, that's my belief."

"Yes, I reckon he did, honey, this time. Gin'ral Benson give it to him. Yo' granny asked the Gin'ral about it 'way in the winter."

"Hump!" exclaimed Venus.

"He ain't been home sense. Gin'ral's bo't a plantation out o' Baltimo' a bit, an' yo' pa's holpin' to fix it up. I reckon he'll be thare 'bout all summer. He took a few clo's an' things with him when he was home." Venus looked at her mother intently, but remained silent.

"Dear, dear, Venus," Marthy continued beginning to cry, "ef I only knew where was yo' granny or what had come to her, I'd be a happy 'ooman this night. An' to think of Miss Jewel, too, that dear beautiful girl with a face like an angel out of glory. The ways of the Lord is pas' follerin', an' that's a fac'."

"What's dad say about granny?" asked Venus suddenly. "He ain't worried none, bless yo' soul. He ain't studyin' 'bout the dear ol' so'l. He ain't got no mo' blood in him than a lizard. He's the onerist man! Says to me, 'quit frettin'; the ol' 'ooman 'll turn up safe quicker'n scat', he says. 'She's tuf; nothin' ain't gwine kill the ol' hornet.' Them's yo' pa's words to me."

"What do you expect from dad, ma? you know him. You ought to if anybody does. Granny makes him toe the mark, that's why he dislikes her."

"That's so, sho' 'nuff, baby; an' what we know 'bout Ike Johnson's mean capers would fill a book. It's twenty years come nix Chris'mus sense we jumped the broomstick together. We was the very las' couple jined befo' the s'render, an' ef it hadn't been for yo' granny, we'd all been in the po' house long ago an' fergit."

When it was time to start for home Oliver escorted his sister to the car. On the way she questioned him closely and learned many things concerning her

father that her mother had failed to mention.

"It's as sure as preaching," she told herself late that night as she was preparing for bed, "it's as sure as preaching that somebody who knows something must take hold of Miss Jewel's case or that son of Sodom will carry his point. The police are slower 'n death. Dad's up to his capers. He can fool ma, but he can't pull the wool over my eyes; I'm his daughter. Hump! well, we'll see about it. It's a burning shame for dad to go on this way after all Miss Jewel's kindness to us. But I'll balk him. I'll see him out on this case or my name ain't Venus Johnson."

"I'll see if this one little black girl can't get the best of as mean a set of villains as ever was born," was her last thought as her eyes closed in slumber.

Mr. Henson sat in his office the next morning thinking deeply. He had just returned from New York, where he had carefully examined the ground, trying to find a flaw in the Bowen will, drawn and signed in that city, but not a particle of encouragement had rewarded his efforts. He was much depressed over his failure to obtain a clue to what he was convinced was a clever forgery committed by two dangerous men. His vast experience did not aid him; he was forced to declare that the criminals had covered their tracks well.

Mr. Cameron had just left him after acknowledging *his* inability to fix a point that would legally stay the enforcement of the will.

All was dark; but the man felt that if he could obtain the slightest clue, he could unravel the whole plot without difficulty. But how to gain a clue was the question. He had determined to start the next day for Kentucky in the hope of finding Elise Bradford's aunt and the child of the dead woman, hoping that this might furnish the key to the mystery.

The morning sunshine streamed into

the room. The intense heat was enervating. He drew his chair before the large open window on the side where the sun had not reached and directly in the wake of an electric fan. He leaned his head upon his hand and thought over the situation.

All his efforts had been to ascertain if there were any real grounds for the suspicions which had been aroused in Miss Bowen's mind, and which his interviews with Sumner had confirmed. The news of her abduction had come as a distinct shock to him when it was given him upon his return from New York. The beautiful girl had aroused all the man's innate chivalry; springs of tenderness long dead to any influence had welled up in his soul, and he felt a mad desire, uncontrollable and irresistible, to rescue her, and take dire vengeance on her captors.

Her haunting influence was wrapped about him; he could see her, feel her presence and almost catch the tones of her low voice in the silent room. Ever and anon he glanced about him as if seeking the actual form of the fair spirit that had so suddenly absorbed his heart and soul.

He was satisfied in his own mind that General Benson was the criminal, but to this man who had become a legal machine, tangible evidence was the only convincing argument that he knew.

Presently a clerk entered the room and announced that a woman wished to speak with him.

"Show her in," he replied to the man's query.

A few seconds passed, and then the opening door admitted a young colored girl who had an extremely intelligent, wide-awake expression.

Venus was not at all embarrassed by the novelty of her surroundings, but advanced toward the chief with a business-like air, after making sure that the retiring clerk had actually vanished.



"I'm Miss Jewel Bowen's maid," she declared abruptly. The detective whirled around in his chair at her words, and in an instant was all attention. His keen eyes ran over the neat little brown figure standing demurely before him, with a rapid mental calculation of her qualities.

"What is your name?"

"Venus Camilla Johnson."

"How long have you been in Miss Bowen's employ?"

"All the winter."

"Who sent you here?"

"Nobody. I keep my business to myself. Things are too curious around Wash'nton these days to be talking too much."

The shadow of a smile lurked about the corners of Mr. Henson's mouth.

"Well, what do you want? Time is precious with me."

"Yes, sir; I won't keep you long, but you see Miss Jewel's been my good angel and I jus' had to come here and unburden my mind to you or burst. You see, sir, it's this way,—the Bowen family is *white* right through; mos' *too* good for this world. They've got piles of money, but mymy, mymy! since the Senator's gone, and Mr. Cuthbert's done got into trouble from being in tow with Miss Madison, they be the mos' miserablest two lone women you ever saw."

Venus forgot her education in her earnestness, and fell into the Negro vernacular, talking and crying at the same time.

Mr. Henson waited patiently. He knew that she would grow calmer if he did not notice her agitation.

"It's hard for me to go back on my own daddy," continued the girl, "but it's got to be done. I suspicion him more and more every minute I'm alive, I do. Miss Jewel's stolen away, and the old lady's taken down to her bed, an' my daddy is waltzing through the country looking after General Benson's business down on a

plantation in Maryland. I'm no fool, Mr. Henson; he's my daddy, but Isaac Johnson's a bad pill. He's jus' like a bad white man, sir,—he'll do anything for money when he gets hard up."

Mr. Henson sat with pale face regarding the woman before him. His eyes gleamed and were fixed searchingly upon her.

Finally he asked:

"Who are your parents? I take it they were once slaves. Where were they born?"

"Ma's Aunt Henny Sargeant's daughter Marthy, and daddy's Isaac Johnson. They lived on adjoining plantations in Maryland. Dad belonged to Mr. Enson, and Ma to Mrs. Sargeant. Ma says it was a terrible misfortune that she did live next door to the Ensons, leastwise Oliver and me'd never had Ike Johnson for our daddy."

"Any relation to the Aunt Henny who was employed by the government and who has disappeared?" the detective asked.

"Yes, sir; that's her," replied the girl, nodding her head.

"Poor granny; I reckon she's dead all right. Ma takes it terrible hard. Does nothing but cry after granny all day while she's working. I tell her I *cain't* cry till I find Miss Jewel. Ma says I'm unfeeling; but, Lord, you cain't help being just as you're built. Say, Mr. Henson, I've made bold to bring you something. I took it away from the madam the night Miss Jewel was stolen."

Mr. Henson took the envelope that the girl extended to him, and read the note contained therein.

"Who do you think sent this, Venus?"

"No one but old Benson."

Again the chief smiled at the quaint answer. But he looked at her still more searchingly as he asked:

"Did anything of a particularly suspicious nature occur to make you hold that opinion?"

"Well, yes, sir; there did. Something I overheard General Benson say to the old lady."

"Oh, then, you were listening."

"I reckon I was, and a good job, too, or I wouldn't have this to tell you. It was the day the will was read. Mr. Cameron was gone, and the three of 'em—Mrs. Bowen, Miss Jewel and General Benson were in the library. Miss Jewel went out and left the other two together."

He hollered at the madam like he was crazy, and I was standing there outside the door with the old Senator's boot-jack in my hand, expecting that I'd have to go in and hit the General over the head with it to protect the madam. He says to her, 'So, you will assist that head-strong girl to defy me, will you? well, do it at your peril!' then he went close up to her—so close that their noses almost touched, and I thought it was about time for the boot-jack, sure,—but all he did was to whisper to her, and the old madam gave a screech and keeled over on the floor like she was dead.

I 'clare to you, Mr. Henson, I was skeered enough to drop, but I didn't say a word, no sir; I just went in as soon as the General went out, and I picked the old lady up and got her to her room, and when she came to her self there was nobody to ask her what was the matter because they didn't know what I could have told them. But Madam hasn't been herself since. I believe to my soul that he skeered the life out of her. When Miss Jewel didn't come home, and that note came instead, I just made up my mind it was Venus for General Benson, and that I'd got to cook his goose or he'd cook mine."

"You do not like General Benson, I see."

"Like him! who could, the sly old villain. He's mighty shrewd, and—" she paused.

"Well, what?"

"Foxy," she finished. "He tries to be mighty sweet to me, but I like a gentleman to stay where he belongs and not be loving servant girls on the sly. I owe Miss Jewel what money cain't pay, and I'm not ungrateful."

"I believe the old rapsallion has got her shut up somewhere down in Maryland, and dad's helping him. Oh, I didn't tell you, did I, that dad's his private waiter?"

"Ah!" exclaimed the chief, for the first time exhibiting a sign of excitement.

"Now we're getting down to business, my girl. I understand your drift now. You have done well to come to me."

Venus smiled in proud satisfaction at his words of praise. The man sat buried in deep thought for a time before he spoke again. Finally he said:

"I need help, Venus; are you brave enough to risk something for the sake of your mistress?"

"Try me and see," was her proud reply.

"It comes to just this: someone must go down to this plantation in Maryland, and hang around to find out if there is truth in our suspicions. Can you wear boys' clothing?" he asked abruptly.

Venus showed her dazzling teeth in a giggle. She ducked her head and writhed her shoulders in suppressed merriment as she replied:

"Cain't I? well, I reckon."

"Then you'll do. There's no time to be lost. Disguise yourself as a boy. Be as secret about it as possible. Tell no one what you are about to do, or where you are going, and meet me at the station tonight in time for the ten o'clock train for Baltimore. My agent will be waiting for you on the Avenue, just by the entrance, disguised as your grandfather Uncle Henry, a crippled old Negro, fond of drink. You are to be Billy, and both of you are going home to Baltimore. We will fix the rest of the business after you reach the village."

God grant that this plan may hasten the discovery I have been seeking."

### CHAPTER XXX.

Enson Hall reminded one of an ancient ruin. The main body of the stately dwelling was standing, but scarcely a vestige of the once beautiful outbuildings remained; the cabins in the slave quarters stood like skeletons beneath the nodding leaves and beckoning arms of the grand old beeches. War and desolation had done their best to reduce the stately pile to a wreck. It bore, too, an uncanny reputation. The Negroes declared that the beautiful woods and the lonely avenues were haunted after nightfall. It had grown into a tradition that the ghost of Ellis Enson "walked," accompanied by a lady who bore an infant in her arms.

The Hall was in charge of an old Negress, known all over the country as "Auntie Griffin." She was regarded with awe by both whites and blacks, being a reputed "witch woman" used to dealing and trafficking with evil spirits.

Tall and raw-boned, she was a nightmare of horror. Her body was bent and twisted by disease from its original height. Her protruding chin was sharp like a razor, and the sunken jaws told of toothless gums within.

Her ebony skin was seamed by wrinkles; her eyes, yellow with age, like Hamlet's description of old men's eyes, purged "thick amber and plum-tree gum." The deformed hands were horny and toil-worn. Her dress was a garment which had the virtue of being clean, although its original texture had long since disappeared beneath a multitude of many-hued patches.

Auntie Griffin only visited the village for supplies; she was uncongenial and taciturn. She made no visits and received none. Lately, however, it was noticed that the old woman had a male com-

panion at the Hall, an elderly, dudish colored man whom she announced, on her weekly visit to the store, as her brother Ike, come to spend a short time with her.

It was well along in August when an old Negro calling himself Uncle William Henry Jackson, accompanied by his grandson Billy, a spritely lad, scarcely more than a boy, wandered into the village and took possession of one of the dilapidated antebellum huts, formerly the homes of slaves, many of which still adorned the outskirts of the little hamlet.

Uncle William Henry claimed to be a former inhabitant who had belonged to a good old Southern family of wealth, made extinct by the civil strife. The oldest resident—a Negress of advanced age who was an authority on the genealogy of the settlement—claimed to remember him distinctly, whereupon he was adopted into their warm hearts as a son of the soil and received the most hospitable treatment; in two weeks he had settled down as a fixture of the place. The old man claimed to be a veteran of the late Civil War, and that he was in receipt of a small pension which provided food for himself and grandchild. Uncle William spent most of his time sitting on a half-barrel at the door of the general store, chewing tobacco, making fishing rods from branches which Billy brought him from the woods and telling stories, of which he had a wonderful stock. The rods he turned out were really pieces of artistic work when they left his hands, and the owner of the store agreed to find a market for the goods.

Thus the old man was happily established, to quote his own words, "fer de res' ob my days," sitting in the sun with a few old cronies of his own cut—white and black harmoniously blended—spinning yarns of life in camp, and, for the truth must be told, drinking bad moon-shine rum.

He never tired of describing the battle scenes through which he had passed.

"Do I know anythin' 'bout Wagner? I should say so, bein' I was in it," was his favorite prelude to a description of the famous charge.

"No, honey, I didn' lef' dat missin' leg dar. I lef' dat leg ober to For' Piller. But fer all dat, Wagner was a corker, yes, sah, a corker. From eleven o'clock Friday 'tel four o'clock Saturday we was gittin' on the transpo'ts, we war rained on, had no tents an' nothin' to eat. Thar was no time fo' we war to lead de charge. We came up at quick time an' when we got wifin 'bout one hunde'd yards, de rebs open a rakin' fire. Why, mon, they jes' vomited the shot inter us from de fo't, an' we a-walkin' up thar in dress parade order; they mowed us down lak sheep. De fus' shot camed down rip-zip, an' ploughed a hole inter us big 'nuff to let in a squadron, an' all we did was ter close up, servin' our fire; but I tell you, gent'men, we looked at each other an' felt kin' o' lonesome fer a sight o' home an' fren's.

Colonel Shaw walked ahead as cool as ef he war up on Boston Common, singing out, 'steady, boys, steady!' By-me-by de order come in a clar ringin' voice, 'charge! Foreard, my brave boys!' We started on a double-quick, an' wif a cheer an' a shout we went pell-mell; wif a rush into an' over de ditch them devils had made an' fenced wif wire. But we kep' right on an' up de hill 'tel we war han' to han' wif de inimy. Colonel Shaw was fus' to scale de walls. He stood up thar straight an' tall lak de angel Gabrul, urgin' de boys to press on. I tell you, sah, 'twas a hot time.

Fus' thing I 'member clearly after I got het up, was I seed a officer standin' wavin' his sword, an' I heard him holler, 'Now, give 'em h——, boys, give 'em h——!' an then thar come a shot; it hit him—zee-rip—an' off went his head; but, gent'men, ef you'll b'lieve me, dat head rolled by me, down de hill sayin' as it

went, 'Give 'em h——, hoys, give 'em h——!' until it landed in de ditch; an' all de time de mon's arms was a wavin' of his sword."

"Come off, Uncle," exclaimed one of the circle of listeners. "Who ever heard of a man's talkin' after his head was cut off?"

"Gent'men," replied Uncle William solemnly, "dat ar am a fac'; I see it wif my own two eyes, an' hyard it wif my own two ears. *It am a fac'.*"

"I've heard lies on lies," drawled another on-looker, "from all kinds of liars—white liars and niggers—but that is the mos' *infernal* one I ever listened to."

"I'll leave it to Colonel Morris thar ef sech things ain't possibul. Ain't you seen cur'us capers cut when you was in battle, sah?"

"Don't bring me into it, Uncle William Henry, I'm listening to you," laughed the Colonel, who had just driven up and was about entering the store to make a purchase.

"It am a fac'; I 'clar it am a fac'," insisted the old man. "Thar was the officer talkin', and' then the shot hit him so suddint dat he hadn't time to stop talkin'. Why de water in de ditch mus' have got in his mouf fer *I seen him when he spit it out!*" At this there was a roar of laughter from the crowd, and the first speaker slapped Uncle William Henry on the back with a resounding blow.

"That's a tough one for a professor, Uncle. I know you're dry. Come, have a drink."

When they had all returned to their places, the old man resumed his narrative.

"When I looked agin, Colonel Shaw was gone. The Johnnies had pulled him over the parapet down onter de stockades, an' dat was de las' seen of as gallan' a gent'man as ever lived. I tell you, mon, when I seen dat, I fel' lak a she wil' cat, an' I jes' outfit a blin' mule. I tore an' I bit lak a dog. I got clinched wif a reb,



an' dog my cats, fus' thing I know'd I was chawin' him in de throat an' I never lef' go 'tel he give a groan an' I seed he was gone. Jes' then I seen three or fo' Johnnies running 'long de parapet toward me shoutin', 'S'render, you d— nigger.' I looked an' seen dat all 'bout me they was clubbin', stabbin' an' shootin' our boys to death, an' our men was fightin' lak devils themselves.

"Well, sah, when I seen them Mr. Whitemen makin' fer me, I jes' rolled down de hill to de ditch, an' plantin' my gun ba'net down in de water, I lepped acrost to de other side. I was flyin' fer sho, you may b'lieve, an' fus' thing I heard was, 'Halt! who goes thar?' It was de provy guard, a black North Carolina regiment stationed thar to return stragglers to their posts. I sung out, clar an' loud, thinkin' I was suttinly all right then: 'Fifty-fourth Massachusetts!' But I felt de col' chills creep down my back when I heard de order: 'Git-a-back-a-dar, Fifty-fourth!' an' every mon's gun said 'click, clack.' You may b'lieve, gent'men, dat I got back.

"I wandered aroun' fer a spell lak a los' kitten; finally, I stumbled into de lines, an' I crep' unner a gun-carriage an' slep' thar 'tel mornin'."

Now it happened that Isaac Johnson was lonely in his enforced solitude, and being of a social disposition, soon made it a habit to wend his way to the corner store and listen to Uncle William Henry's stories. Having plenty of money, he **treated freely** and was soon counted a "good fellow" by all the frequenters of the place.

At first Isaac drank moderately, mindful of his responsibilities, but soon his old habits re-asserted themselves. Moreover, Uncle William liked the social glass also; and finally the two became so intimate that they would wend their way to the hut in the woods, where the latter had taken up his residence, and there enjoy to

the full the contents of a gallon-jug which was concealed under a loose board in the floor. In short, Isaac got drunk, and losing all sense of caution, remained away from the Hall two days and nights, hidden in the hut from prying eyes. The first time this happened, old William Henry recovered control of himself as soon as Isaac was locked in drunken slumber upon Billy's bed, behind the curtains, which divided the one room into two sleeping apartments.

He went to the door then and waved a handkerchief three times, nailed it to the side of the hut and retired.

Ten minutes after this act the lad Billy entered the woods which led to Enson Hall.

The path, though often ill-defined, was never quite obliterated, and he came at last to where the trees grew thinner, and the Hall was visible. Then he emerged upon the broad stretch of meadow and crossing it was soon on the grounds. There he paused and looked cautiously about. Twilight was falling. The scene was wild and romantic. There was no sight nor sound of human being.

He passed the rusty gates and sped swiftly across the lawn to the shelter of bushes near the wide piazzas. He sank down in their shadow and waited.

Nothing occurred to break the heavy silence. Not a human creature crossed the unkept grounds. The soft summer wind lazily stirred the grass growing in rank luxuriance. The scene was desolate and depressing enough. So it continued for over an hour. Darkness finally succeeded the soft 'twilight. Then the lad re-appeared and skirted the sides and front of the building carefully.

Presently he espied a wild honeysuckle that had climbed to the third story of the house and blended its tendrils gracefully house that they tapped gently against the with the branches of a giant sycamore that stretched its arms so near to the

house that they tapped gently against the irons that barred a window high above its head.

With the agility of a cat, the boy was quickly finding his way up, up, to the window of the room where Jewel was allowed to exercise and breathe the sweet summer air from the woods and fields. A subdued light gleamed in the window behind the iron bars.

Hush! what noise was that? It was the sound of voices in conversation. The lad ceased his climbing and rested, listening intently for a repetition of the sound. Again it came—first a sweet young voice that had a weary, despondent note; then,

(To be continued.)

in answer the tones of an aged Negro voice in the endeavor to comfort and encourage.

The listener waited no longer, but rapidly mounted to the window just above his head, reached the lower end of the rusty iron bar which divided the broken casement into two, and drew himself up to the ledge, and peered in.

Mr. Henson was aroused from slumber at midnight that night to receive an important telegram, which read: "All O. K. Just as we thought. Come on and bag the game."

## FAMOUS WOMEN OF THE NEGRO RACE.

### II. SOJOURNER TRUTH.

A Northern Slave Emancipated by the State of New York, 1828.

PAULINE E. HOPKINS.

All our ideas of slavery are connected with the South. Very few people of this generation realize that slavery actually existed in all its horrors, within the very cities where, perhaps, we enjoy the fullest liberty today; but so it was. The details of the life of one who experienced all the horrors of Northern servitude are peculiarly interesting.

Negro slavery was in reality forced upon the country under the colonial systems of Holland and Great Britain. It developed injustice, dread suspicion and cruelty attendant upon the peculiar institution. By the Assiento Treaty with Spain, at the peace of Utrecht, 1713, England, in the words of Bancroft (Vol. III, 411), "extorting the privilege of filling the New World with Negroes," had secured with the Spanish colonies a monopoly of the trade in slaves, to the extent

of bringing from the African coast an average of 30,000 a year to be sold in the American market. Of these but a small proportion came to New York. In 1741, at the date of the famous "Negro plot" in New York city, there were about 1,500 slaves located there out of a population of about 8,000 souls. During the time of the excitement attendant upon the discovery of the plot thirteen Negroes were publicly burned to death over a slow fire. The legislature of the State also declared at that time that "all encouragement should be given to the direct importation of slaves; that all *smuggling* of slaves should be condemned as an *eminent discouragement to the fair trader*."

It is also interesting to note that in 1807, no less than fifty-nine of the vessels engaged in that trade were sent out from the State of Rhode Island, which

then could boast of but 70,000 inhabitants.

The history of slavery and slave trading in Massachusetts is one of the most surprising volumes ever issued by the American press. New Hampshire, too, held slaves. General Washington himself, while President of the United States, hunted a slave woman and her child all the way into that State. Vermont had a fugitive case in 1808. But the brave Judge Harrington stunned the remorseless claimant with his decision that "nothing less than a bill of sale from the Almighty could establish ownership" in his victim. Thus we see that slavery was a sin and crime of both North and South. It was sustained by the government, it was sanctioned by almost the whole religious world of the United States, and this crime of slavery became the "sum of all villainies."

Sojourner Truth's life is remarkable because she experienced that Northern slavery of which we know so little at present. When well advanced in years she became a great worker in the anti-slavery cause. Parker Pillsbury says: "In the New Testament 'Acts of the Apostles,' mention is made of 'honorable women, not a few,' who went everywhere preaching the anti-slavery word. Sarah and Angelina Grinke, who emancipated their slaves in South Carolina, abandoned affluence and gave the remainder of their lives to the cause of freedom and humanity. Sallie Holly, daughter of Hon. Myron Holley, of New York, graduate with Lucy Stone, of Oberlin College, who, after freedom was established, became a teacher among the freed people. Susan B. Anthony, Sarah P. Remond, sister of Charles Lenox Remond. But most wondrous of all was the Ethiopian Sybil, Sojourner Truth, still living (1883), a centenarian and more."

We append certificate of character given Sojourner Truth by men whose signatures are valuable, not only as a

guarantee of the authenticity of this woman's statements, but also because of their own remarkable life stories.

New Platz, Ulster Co., Oct. 13, 1834.

This is to certify that Isabella, this colored woman, lived with me since the year 1810, and that she has always been a good and faithful servant; and the eighteen years that she was with me, I always found her to be perfectly honest. I have always heard her well spoken of by everyone that has employed her.

JOHN J. DUMONT.

Boston, March, 1850.

My acquaintance with the subject of the accompanying narrative, Sojourner Truth, for several years past, has led me to form a very high appreciation of her understanding, moral integrity, disinterested kindness, and religious sincerity and enlightenment. Any assistance or co-operation that she may receive in the sale of her narrative, or in any other manner, I am sure will be meritoriously bestowed.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON.

The subject of this biography, Sojourner Truth, as she called herself—but whose name was originally Isabella—was born between the years 1797 and 1800. She was the daughter of James and Betsey, slaves of Colonel Ardinburgh, Hurley, Ulster County, New York.

Colonel Ardinburgh was of the class known as Low Dutch. Isabella was an infant when her master died, and with other chattels became the property of his son Charles. Her earliest recollections of this master was his removal to a new house which he had built as an hotel, and living in the cellar under the house which was assigned the slaves as their sleeping apartment,—women and men sleeping in the same room. She described this room as a dismal chamber, its only lights a few panes of glass through which the sun never shone; the space between the

loose boards of the floor, and the uneven earth below, was often filled with mud and water giving forth noxious vapors chilling and fatal to health. All sexes and all ages slept on those damp boards, like the horse, with a little straw and a blanket.

On the death of Charles Ardinburgh Isabella's family were again to change owners.

Isabella's father, who, when young, was tall and straight, was called "Bromefree." Her mother was named "Man-man Bett."

When this sale was about to take place the question arose as to what should be done with the faithful, diligent Bromefree, now grown infirm from exposure and hardship, when separated from his wife. After some contention it was finally agreed, as most expedient for the heirs, that Man-man Bett receive her freedom, on condition that she support her husband. This decision was received joyfully by the objects of it. The privilege was also granted them of remaining in the cellar before described. Several years after this Man-man Bett died, and Bromefree was left alone—penniless, weak, lame and nearly blind.

Isabella and her brother Peter were allowed to attend the funeral of their mother and pay their father a short visit. She described her father's state in most pitiful terms: "'Oh,' he would exclaim, 'I had thought God would take me first,—Man-man was so much smarter than I, and could get about and take care of herself; and I am *so old*, and *so helpless*. What *is* to become of me? I can't do anything more—my children are all gone, and here I am left helpless and alone.' And then, when I was leaving him," continued Isabella, "he raised his voice, and cried aloud like a child—*Oh, how he did cry!* I hear it now—and remember it as well as if it were but yesterday—*poor old man!!!*"

After this the Ardinburghs "took turns about" in keeping him—permitting

him to stay a few weeks at one house, and then a time at another. But the old man's constitution did not yield to age, exposure, or a desire to die. Again the Ardinburghs tired of him, and offered freedom to two old slaves—Cæsar, brother of Man-man Bett, and his wife Betsey—on condition that they take care of James. A cabin in the woods far from neighbor or friends became the home of these three decrepit old people, no one of whom was in a condition to render much assistance to the other. In a short time Cæsar and Betsey died, and again Bromefree was left desolate. But shortly after this, however, this deserted wreck of humanity was found on his miserable pallet, frozen and stiff in death. The news of his death reached John Ardinburgh, who declared that "Bromefree, who had ever been a kind and faithful slave, should have a good funeral." This "good funeral consisted of a jug of ardent spirits, and some black paint for a coffin!"

We have given this reminiscence as an example of that kind and generous treatment accorded slaves that many leading Southerners are proclaiming today. What a compensation for a life of toil, submission, and neglect! We, in our pleasant homes surrounded by kind friends, can try in vain to picture the dark and desolate state of that poor old man. But such was slavery, and such would be our fate today, could the South but force her principles upon the government. When sold at the death of her master, Charles Ardinburgh, Isabella was struck off for one hundred dollars to one John Nealy, of Ulster County, New York; and she had the impression that in this sale she was connected with a lot of sheep.

This was true, for Negroes were sold along with domestic animals and in the same inventory. We give an advertisement from "Anti-Slavery Apostles" which illustrates this fact.



"On the first Monday of February next will be put up at public auction, before the court house, the following property, belonging to the estate of the late Rev. Dr. Furman, viz.: A plantation or tract of land, on and in the Wateree swamp. A tract of the first quality of fine land, on the waters of Black river. A lot of land in the town of Camden. A library of a miscellaneous character, chiefly theological. *Twenty-seven Negroes, some of them very prime. Two mules, one horse, and an old wagon.*"

It is only by guaging the tremendous meaning of the last sentence that we realize the depths from which such men as Douglas, Toussaint L'Ouverture, Langston, Bruce, Washington and Elliott have sprung—from the level of *mules, horses, sheep, and old wagons!*

When sold to Mr. Nealy, Isabella was nine years old. She could only speak Dutch, and the Nealys only English. For some time, owing to this unfortunate circumstance, there was dissatisfaction on the part of her owners and much suffering to herself. She suffered terribly with the cold and in the winter her feet were frozen for want of shoes. One Sunday morning she was sent to the barn, where her master awaited her, with a bundle of rods, prepared in the embers, and bound together with cords. He tied her hands together before her, and whipped her cruelly. He whipped her till the flesh was deeply lacerated and the blood streamed from her wounds. The scars from this whipping remained on her body when she was 108 years old. She said, "When I hear 'em tell of whipping women on the bare flesh, it makes *my* flesh crawl, and my very hair rise on my head! Oh! my God! what a way is this of treating human beings." In a short time Isabella was bought by a Mr. Sriver, a fisherman, who also kept a tavern. Here she led a wild, out-of-door life. She carried fish, hoed corn, dug

roots and herbs for beer and did errands. But she felt that her morals suffered, if a slave may be allowed those attributes. Here she learned to curse, which was against the teachings of her poor slave-mother. Happily, she was sold in about a year, in 1810, to Mr. Dumont, with whom she remained till a short time before her emancipation by the State, in 1828. Subsequently Isabella was married to a fellow-slave, named Thomas, who had previously had two wives, both of whom had been taken from him and sold far away. This marriage was after the fashion of slavery, one of the slaves performing the ceremony for them. No true minister could perform a mock marriage, unrecognized by any civil law, and liable to be annulled at any moment, at the caprice of the master.

Southerners talk much of their horror of amalgamation. It is not a desire of the Negro race as a whole. Such marriages have occurred and probably will occur in isolated cases, but they will not become universal. But with all the protests that the South may utter against such marriages, we know that they calmly and quietly contemplate a state of licentiousness which their wicked laws have created, not only enforcing crime upon the Negro, but also upon the privileged portion of the South—the whites themselves, the same, very nearly, as the laws of slavery days.

When Isabella found herself the mother of five children, she rejoiced to think that she had increased her master's property. In her account of her life she says that she looked back upon that time with horror at her ignorance and degradation. After emancipation had been decreed by the State, some years before the time fixed for its consummation, Isabella's master told her that if she would do well, and be faithful, he would give her free papers one year before she was legally free by statute. On the arrival of July 4, 1827, the time specified for her

to receive her papers, she urged her master to fulfil his promise; but he refused. Her very faithfulness had probably operated against her, and he found it hard to give up his faithful Bell. She resolved to escape. One morning, just before day-break, she crept out the back entrance, her infant on one arm and her wardrobe on the other. Then she prayed for help and guidance and, rising, made her way to the house of one Levi Rowe, whose wife showed her a place where she might find help. She went to the house and was kindly received by Mr. and Mrs. Van Wagener, and after learning her story they employed her.

One very interesting point in the history of Sojourner Truth is the rescue of her son. Mr. Dumont sold her son, a child five years old, to a Dr. Gebney. This man disposed of him to his sister's husband, who took the child to Alabama.

This was a fraudulent and illegal transaction, the law expressly prohibiting the sale of any slave out of the State,—and all minors were to be free at twenty-one years of age; the child had been sold with the understanding that he was to be emancipated at the specified time.

When Isabella heard of the sale of her son she immediately started, alone and friendless, to expose the transaction and force them to return the boy.

Unencumbered by stockings, shoes, or any heavy article of clothing, she started on her journey to find the court. She first sought the help of the friendly Quakers by whom she was taken to Kingston to the Court House, where, after many experiences, she reached the Grand Jurors and made her complaint. A writ was given her to have served on the culprit, and she walked some eight or nine miles to serve it, only to find that Gedney had escaped across North River.

He consulted a lawyer, who advised him to go to Alabama and bring the boy back. Soon after this Gedney went to Kingston and gave bonds for his appear-

ance at the next session of the court. When Isabella heard that she must wait six months longer before she could receive satisfaction, she was distracted with grief.

"What! wait another court! wait months? Why, long before that time, he can go clean off, and take my child with him—no one knows where."

A benevolent person directed her to see a Lawyer Demain. She went to him, told her story in her impassioned way and enlisted his sympathy. He told her to get him five dollars and he would get her son for her in twenty-four hours.

"Why," she replied, "I have no money and never had a dollar in my life!"

He replied, "If you will go to those Quakers who carried you to court, they will help you to five dollars, I have no doubt."

This she did; collected considerable more than the money specified, and carried the lawyer more money than he had asked for. When asked why she did not buy shoes and clothing with the overplus, she replied: "Oh, I do not want money or clothes now, I only want my son; and if five dollars will get him, more will surely get him."

The next day her son was given her by the court. Upon examination the child's back from head to foot was found covered with indurations most frightful to behold. She exclaimed:

"Oh, Lord Jesus, look! see my poor child! Oh, Lord render unto them double for all this! Pete, how did you bear it?"

"Oh, this is nothing, mammy—if you should see Phillis, I guess you's *scare*! She had a little baby, and Fowler cut her till the milk as well as blood ran down *her* body. You would *scare* to see *Phillis*, mammy."

Isabella went to reside in New York about a year after this, and became a member of the Methodist Church in John Street. From there she took her letter

to the Zion's Church, in Church Street, composed entirely of colored people, where she remained until she went to reside with Mr. Pierson, after which she was drawn into the 'kingdom' set up by the prophet Matthias. This was a religious delusion, the most extraordinary of modern times. A full description of this sect is found in a work published in

It is a curious study—the religious development of the slaves. How, when and where did they receive their ideas of religion and religious duties? The question of the Negro's claim to manhood was settled by God himself when He implanted the divine, unquenchable spark within the black man's lowly breast; and, tacitly, it has always been admitted by a



SOJOURNER TRUTH. (FROM AN OLD PRINT.)

1835, entitled "Fanaticism; its Source and Influence; illustrated by the simple narrative of Isabella, in the case of Matthias, etc."

Many of the terrible happenings in the life of this woman, she would not publish, the most potent reason which she gave for withholding such tales being that, were she to tell all that transpired to her as a slave it would seem so unnatural that she would not be believed.

slave-holding community when with gigantic inconsistency they expected willing and intelligent obedience from the slave because *he was a man*—at the same time by a soul-harrowing system crushed the last vestige of manhood in him.

We find then, in Isabella, a great phenomenon. Her religious experience is surprising. To note the workings of a powerful mind through the trials and mysteries of life until it is able to receive

and assimilate that divine "light, that lighteth every man that cometh into the world," is astonishing.

Isabella's mother talked to her of God. She knew that God was "a great man"; she believed that he noted all her actions

to hear her. In adversity she would promise God obedience, but when ease came her thoughts turned from Him whom she only knew as a help in trouble. If she had no trouble, she felt no need of prayer.



CHARLES W. CHESNUTT.

*See page 153.*

in a big book. But she knew not that God knew a thought of hers until she uttered it aloud. Truth and error were strangely mixed in her mind. She prayed under the open canopy of heaven, and speaking in a loud tone commanded God

But one day, she tells us, He revealed himself to her as He is—that he was *all over*, pervading the universe, and that there was no place where God was not. Her unfulfilled promises arose before her; she saw herself as she was. She



describes the character of Christ as revealed to her, most beautifully :

"I did not see him to be God ; else how could he stand between me and God? I saw him as a friend, standing between me and God, through whom love flowed as from a fountain."

She believed Jesus to be the same spirit

*man is but a brute, possessing only the spirit of an animal.*

Let us remember that these words came from a woman who could neither read nor write, and who knew religion only by revelation!

Isabella left New York after she lost her savings which she had placed in the bank.



PRIVATE OFFICE OF CYRUS FIELD ADAMS, CHICAGO, ILL.

See page 149.

that was in our parents, Adam and Eve, in the beginning, when they came from the hand of their Creator. When they sinned through disobedience, this pure spirit forsook them, and fled to heaven; that there it remained, until it returned again in the person of Jesus; and that, *previous to a personal union with him,*

Mr. Pierson, before spoken of, induced her to invest her funds in a common fund which he established to be drawn from by all the faithful. At the breaking up of the "kingdom" she lost her little all.

Disgusted with the wickedness just escaped, she left the city on June 1, 1843, telling no one where she was bound. Up-

on reaching Berlin, Conn., she sent her children word of her whereabouts.

In Hartford, she became acquainted with the Second Advent doctrines. Not



DR. R. R. ROYSTER,  
Philadelphia, Pa.

See page 157.

believing in noise and confusion when worshipping God, she rebuked the confusion that prevailed at the meetings of this sect. She assured them:

"The Lord comes still and quiet. Here you are talking about being changed in the twinkling of an eye. If the Lord should come, he'd change you to *nothing!* for there is nothing in you." Ministers were taken aback at so unexpected an opposer, and they commenced a discussion with her, asking her questions, and quoting scripture to her; concluding finally that she knew much that man had never taught her.

From Hartford she journeyed to Enfield and to Springfield, lecturing, preaching and working by the day. At Springfield she was regarded as a wonder. Describing her, a friend says: "People listened eagerly to Sojourner and drank in all that she said. When she arose to speak in our assemblies, her commanding figure and dignified manner hushed

triflers into silence, and her singular and sometimes uncouth modes of expression never provoked a laugh, but often whole audiences melted into tears by her touching stories. She had a remarkable gift in prayer and great talent in singing."

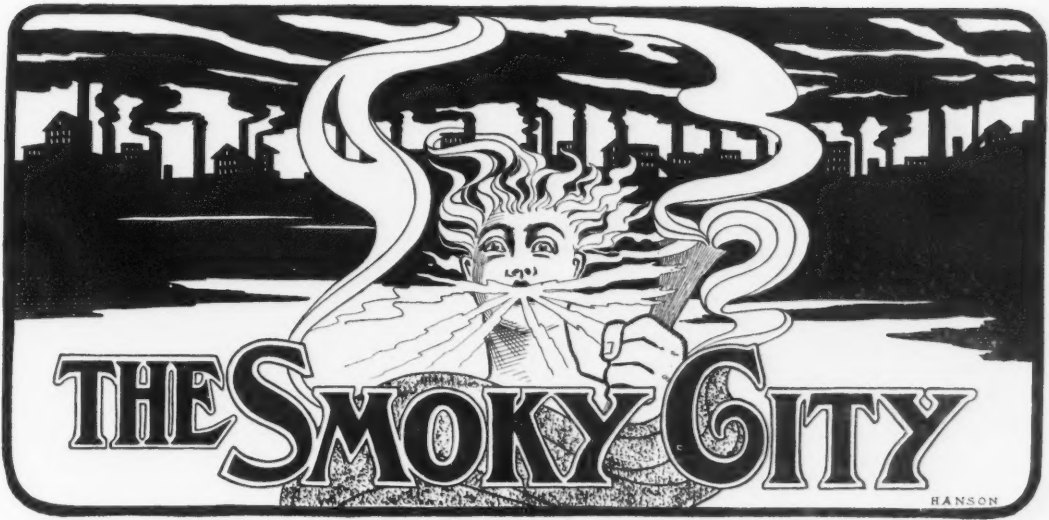
She finally cast her lot with the Northampton Association. This community was composed of some of the choicest spirits of the age, where all was characterized by an equality of feeling, a liberty of thought and speech, and a largeness of soul, she could not have before met with, in any of her wanderings. In this brief article we cannot hope to give more than a skeleton sketch of the life and good works of Sojourner Truth. Through all the scenes of an eventful life one traces the workings of a great mind. She was endowed with fearlessness and child-like simplicity, *purity of character, unflinching adherence to principle*, and



CURTIS J. WRIGHT,  
Boston, Mass.

See page 158.

enthusiasm, attributes which under different circumstances have produced the most wonderful characters that the world has ever known.



BY THOMAS S. EWELL.

## PART III. SOCIAL AND BUSINESS LIFE.

In turning the pages of the book of life, we do not always find them interesting. Sometimes we come upon a chapter which our eyes eagerly peruse with the greater joy. But further on, the interest lags, the book becomes dull and dry, and it is with great effort that we move on through the wondrous volume, struggling, hoping, fearing, with here and there a bright passage, a few glimpses of joy, and for a moment we forget the dark pages. Then the interest changes, life becomes a mixture of joy and sorrow, and we do not know whether to laugh or cry, for nature's tenderest chords then sound their sweetest notes. At last we reach the end, lay the volume gently down, and take up another—the book of eternity. But our experiences in this life are greatly varied. Our paths do not all run in the same direction; yet our common aim is to succeed.

In presenting to our readers these brief, imperfect sketches of some of our Race Leaders in Greater Pittsburg, I have not attempted to be thorough; for, indeed, I have presented but a very few chapters in the lives of the persons described.

JOHN T. WRITT.

The catering business in Pittsburg has for many years afforded a lucrative field for a man who could give the best results in that line.

The house-wife of by-gone days, when preparing to entertain her friends, spent many weary hours in the pantry and kitchen with her servants preparing the "great dinner"; and when the final hour came, she was never at ease, fearing lest she had omitted some detail that might have added to the comfort of the guests.

But the advancement made in the catering business has eliminated all anxiety in that line. The "Madam" goes to the telephone and calls up the caterer, whose business it is to know what she needs better than she does herself, and puts the matter into his hands, thus freeing herself from all obligations. She is then left free to attend to other social duties.

At the appointed time the house is "turned over" into the hands of experienced men. The servants go up stairs, or wherever they please. In a very short time everything is in readiness. At the front entrance the carriage is opened by a

tall "browney" in brass buttons; and at the front door stands a handsome fellow with shining shirt front, whose politeness



CAPTAIN C. W. POSEY,  
Homestead, Pa. *See page 135.*

is without a fault; for indeed good manners have been cultivated by his ancestors for many generations.

At the punch bowl is another waiter with gloved hands, administering to the delicate tastes of those who might have a slight inclination, at times, to claret punch, champagne, or other nominations of quickening spirits. In the dining-room are a half dozen, or more, men preparing the best of the best, while in the cloak room are waiters to assist with the hats and wraps, etc.

Thus throughout the evening the comfort of the guest is at the mercy of the waiter, but at the head of all is the man upon whom rests the responsibility of the whole affair. His brain is kept ever busy; he must have experienced men; he must have reliable men; he must have honest men. His ware must be "up to date"; his service must be of the latest style; a thousand and one details he must keep in his head, at his tongue's end.

So our caterer is not a man of "soft

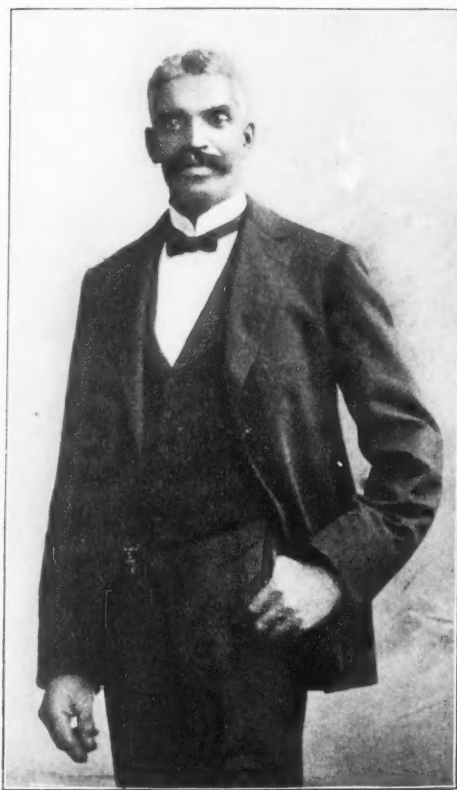
snap"; he is a man of business, and a very delicate business at that.

Mr. John T. Witt, the subject of this sketch, is one of Pittsburg's leading caterers. He was born in Winchester, Va., March 31, 1848. His parents immigrated to Ohio in the fall of the same year.

Young Witt's first employment was at farming and gardening.

Educational advantages in Ohio at that time were not very great, and his schooling consisted of a few months in the year; sometimes walking four miles to the nearest school house.

In 1864 Mr. Witt came to Pittsburg and secured employment with a wealthy family, where he remained several years, and it was here that he laid the foundation for the business in which he has since made his mark.



JOHN T. WITT,  
Pittsburg, Pa.

His business has for years been steadily on the increase, yet he does not believe in making a large display. He under-



stands what the people want, and spares no pains to supply that demand. He is well equipped for his business. His wares, linen, chairs and tables, are all of a very fine quality.

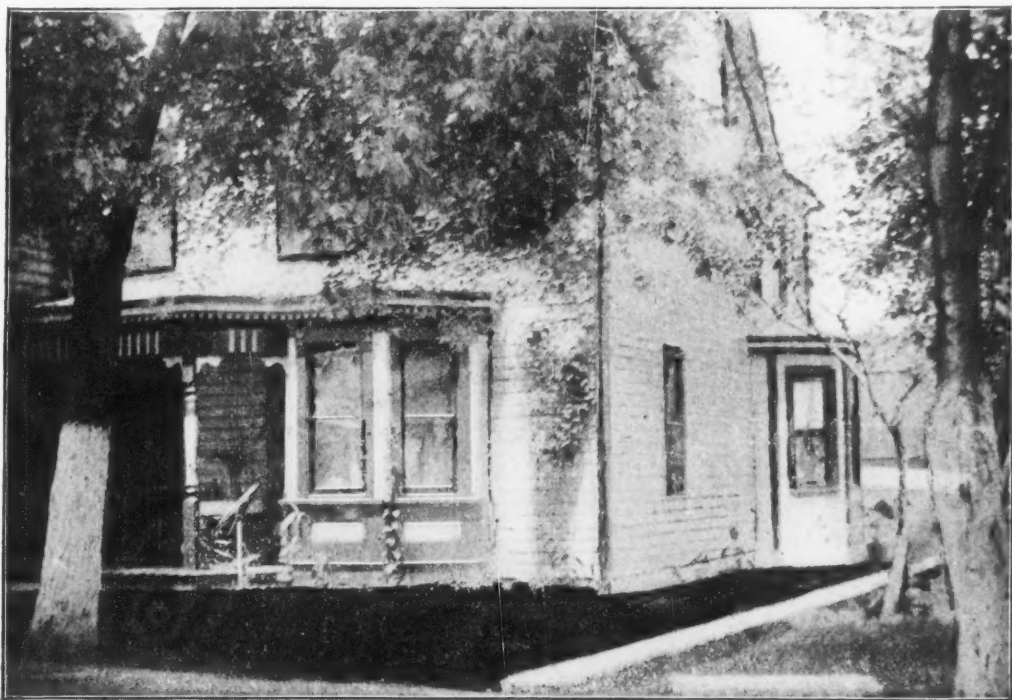
Mr. Wratt owns an attractive residence in the beautiful suburb of Homewood, which has been the scene of many a delightful social gathering.

CAPTAIN C. W. POSEY.

"Up dere vere der sdreet runs into a nuder sdreet und den sdops und der

current periodicals on the center table. I then noticed the elegantly bound volumes of general literature in other parts of the room—all of which portrayed the home of culture. Here I met the man whose life has been interwoven in the history of Homestead.

In the steady march of human progress we sometimes pause in the throng to watch the multitude go by. This man, we say, is great; that man is succeeding fast; but, by what standard do we measure greatness? When is a man truly successful?



RESIDENCE OF MR. JOHN T. WRITT, PITTSBURG, PA.

rdhird 'ouse fum der right ist vere Gaptin Boley lifs—anybody kin dell yer vere Gaptin Boley lifs," said a well dressed German of whom I inquired for Captain C. W. Posey, on leaving a car at Ann Street, Homestead, Pa. I went where the man directed me, and, standing back in a beautiful lot, on one of the most prominent streets, was a mansion which, from appearance, might have been the home of a prince. I was ushered into a tastefully furnished room, where my attention was first attracted by an unusual number of

The man who has the ability to so shape circumstances as to make stepping stones upon which to climb, is a man superior. If conditions are not suited to him, he shapes himself to suit conditions; and, though heavy may be the burdens under which he must labor, though he may fall, yet he will rise and climb, for he is made of stuff that will stand he scoffs and tests of time.

In measuring the distance over which one has traveled, we sometimes fail to start at the real beginning. Sometimes

among our people we find the starting point at zero, sometimes less than zero, as in the case of Fred. Douglas, who began life in slavery, where the first problem he had to solve was, how he might become a free man, so that he could have the privilege of starting at zero; for he began his career with neither money nor education.

C. W. Posey was born in Charles County, Md., August 13, 1858, and was the eldest of three children. His father was a slave, who after the war became a preacher in the Washington Conference. In 1867 Rev. Posey moved his family to Virginia, where he had charge of a church. Here young Posey was set to work on a farm; but farm life was not



RESIDENCE OF CAPT. C. W. POSEY, HOMESTEAD, PA.

If a man, born in luxury and reared among opulent surroundings, become conspicuous on account of skillful management, and the wise distribution of his wealth, he is truly a benefactor, and deserves the praise of all lovers of human progress. But the man who comes into the world with no other heritage than a sound body, and a sound mind, and who learns to grasp opportunities as they come, thus building the ladder upon which he climbs, is truly the greatest exponent of human development.

altogether fascinating to him. He longed for opportunities that his surroundings could not give. So, happily, two years later the change came which proved the turning point in his life, and placed him in the path in which he was to make his career. His father moved to Belfry, Ohio, where the youth was placed in the employment of a family by the name of Payton. Mr. Payton owned a large river boat called the "Magnolia." It was while working upon this boat, that the idea came to Posey of being an engineer. The

good people with whom he lived soon saw the drift of his mind, and gave him an opportunity to learn all he could about boats. A real genius does not learn in the manner of ordinary people, and in a few years Mr. Posey became assistant en-

to receive a license as Chief Engineer. He held this position fourteen years at a salary of twelve hundred a year.

In 1882 he married Miss Anna Stevens, of Athens, Ohio, who was a teacher in a purely white school, and a highly cultured



RESIDENCE OF MR. GEO. W. HOLMES, PITTSBURG, PA.

gineer on the steamer "Striker." He soon mastered all the machinery of the boat, and so well did he fill his position, that after serving one year as assistant on the "Striker," he was made Chief Engineer for Stewart Hayes, a prominent river man who owned several boats. He was the first colored man in the United States

young woman. Mrs. Posey has ever been a constant inspiration to the life and work of her husband.

In 1892 Captain Posey moved into his own residence at Homestead, and in the same year made his first investment in coal boats. He then organized the "Delta Coal Company," of which he was Gen-

eral Manager and Treasurer for seven years. His share in this company was then sold and he organized the "Posey Coal Dealers and Steam Boat Builders," all boats being constructed under his supervision.

This company was finally sold to Mormon Company, and the "Marine Coal Company" was organized, which is still in operation with a capital stock of \$500,000,



MISS NANA M. JOHNSON,  
Wilkinsburg, Pa.

*See page 147.*

and managed by Captain Posey at a salary of three thousand dollars a year. Mr. Posey owns stock in the company to the amount of many thousands of dollars, besides holding a large amount of real estate in Homestead. He is director of one of the leading banks.

In this age of keen competition the man who can do a thing best is usually the man sought. There is, perhaps, no city in the United States where competition is keener than it is in Pittsburg. The one ambition seems to be to get ahead of the rest. And so dominant is this spirit that Pittsburg has become the wonder of

the world. So, happy is the man who can make himself a power in so great a business center.

Pittsburg, as the world knows, is a wonderful place for the production of coal. These black diamonds must be carried from the mines to all parts of the country. The Ohio, the Monongahela, and the Allegheny rivers are the great waters upon whose bosom millions of tons of coal are borne away. For this purpose there must be a great supply of substantial boats; and the man who has figured most conspicuously in meeting this demand is Captain C. W. Posey.

The question of color never enters his business; he is a boat builder, and master of his profession. Pittsburg needs boats; Posey supplies them; hence his success.

The lives of such men are the strongest argument that can be produced in favor of young men possessing something that the world needs. Such men become factors in the world's progress.

Mr. Posey's career has been one of brilliant success; and he is reputed to be one of the best steam-boat builders in the country; and a careful investigation of his works would more than substantiate the assertion.

Mr. Posey has figured largely in secret societies and in social circles. He is a member of the Knights of Pythias, Knights Templar, Odd Fellows, and a very prominent member of the Loendi Social Club of Pittsburg.

Captain Posey's home, as has been indicated in the beginning of this article, is what the home of a successful man should be. His parlors are tastefully, but not extravagantly, furnished. Upon the walls one's eye is attracted by some very lovely paintings; but these become all the more interesting when the fact is learned that they were painted by his wife. In the dining-room there is an elaborate display of fine china ware beautifully painted by the hand of Mrs. Posey.

The skillful arrangement of everything, from the largest piece of furniture to the





MISS MARY WITT, PITTSBURG, PA.

*See page 147.*



MISS SARAH FOWLER, PITTSBURG, PA.

*See page 147.*



MISS EMMA WITT, PITTSBURG, PA.

*See page 147.*



MRS. J. P. GOLDEN, GEORGETOWN, S. C.

*See page 143.*

smallest ornamental article, shows the presence of a cultivated taste and a discriminating eye.

Besides his amiable wife, the family consists of three children: Miss Beatrix, a charming little belle of seventeen summers, and who has a bright record in the Homestead high school; two sons, Stewart Hayes, and C. W. W. James, ages thirteen and ten respectively.

In person, Mr. Posey is a man of robust features, genial habits, and never in too big a hurry to greet you with a smile.



MRS. RACHEL LOVETT JONES,  
Pittsburg, Pa.

*See page 142.*

#### THE AURORA CLUB.

It is surprising how few people really know of the advancement made in recent years by colored women. Those individuals who have become conspicuous through the developing of some natural talent are regarded as rather phenomenal, while the masses are still looked upon as objects for experiment.

But the truth is, the experimental age with the negro race is past. Their advancement along all lines of progress has been sufficient to warrant them a place in

history. And, like all other races, their progress is largely due to their noble women. Hence it is with pride that we can point to such a body of energetic women as those who compose the Aurora Club of Pittsburg. This club was formed June 27, 1897, at the home of Mrs. Rachel Jones. It is composed of about twenty-five members, the wives of business and professional men; and some of the members are in business for themselves. The club pursues a systematic course of study each year, and also do what charitable work they can. Most of



MRS. HALLIE GRIMMAGE LOVETT,  
Pittsburg, Pa.

*See page 142.*

the members are interested in the welfare of the Aged Women's Home.

When the new Home was dedicated, Nov. 14, 1901, this Club could point with pride to the parlors furnished by its members. And the ladies intend to beautify the rooms they have furnished, and see that they are kept pleasant and comfortable for those old ladies who are spending their last days in this Home.

The motto of the Aurora Club is "Lifting as we Climb."

A few weeks ago, when the Pittsburg papers were publishing almost daily dis-



MRS. CORA VIRGINIA WASHINGTON,  
Pittsburg, Pa.

*See page 142.*



MRS. CORA HILL LEE,  
Pittsburg, Pa.

*See page 143.*



MRS. WILLIE AUSTIN WAGNER,  
Stonington, Ct.

*See page 143.*



MRS. THOMAS JOHNSON,  
Pittsburg, Pa.

*See page 142.*

cussions as to whether colored women should join the State federations of Pennsylvania, a member of the Aurora Club answered all questions in a well written article, which appeared in one of our leading daily papers. The keynote was sounded, and since then there has been no discussions referring to colored women's clubs.

Mrs. Hallie Grimmage Lovett, President of the Club, is a woman of deep



MISS LAURA LEE, PITTSBURG, PA.

*See page 147.*

thought. She realizes that the colored women have a work to do for their own race that no other women can do; and, with the coöperation of so solid a body of women as those who compose the Aurora Club, we feel that her highest ideals will be more than realized.

Mrs. Carrie Proctor Powell, Vice-President, is one of Pittsburg's prominent business women. She owns a flourishing hair dressing establishment in Wilkinsburg. From the beginning she has taken a prominent part in the Club.

Mrs. Annie Stevens Posey, Recording Secretary, is a very highly cultured woman. For a number of years she was

teacher in the public schools of Athens County, Ohio. She was delegate to the National Association of Colored Women, held in Buffalo, in 1901.

Mrs. Mortimer Dimmey, Corresponding Secretary, is the wife of one of Pittsburg's prominent engineers, and is one of our most representative women.

Mrs. Thornton Tate, Treasurer, has, for many years, been an earnest worker in all charitable work that would help the advancement of the race; and she is one of the most able workers in the Club.

Mrs. Virginia Proctor, one of the founders of the club, is the foremost business women of color in the city of Pittsburg. She conducts one of the oldest and most reliable hair dressing establishments in the city.

Mrs. Proctor has read widely, and is familiar with many of the best literary productions.

Mrs. Rachel Lovett Jones, at whose home the Aurora Club was organized, is one of Pittsburg's most active women. She has always been a staunch friend to whatever cause would add to the uplifting of humanity. She is one of the most influential workers for the Aged Woman's Home, of Pittsburg.

Mrs. Thomas Johnson, one of the founders of the Club, is one of Pittsburg's most prominent women. She has been interested in the Aurora Club from the beginning, and perhaps few other women feel more keenly than she, the grave responsibility of doing something for the elevation of the race.

Mrs. Cora Washington belongs to that noble class of women who always has a smile and good word for everyone. She is always ready to aid in any worthy cause; and her work toward the advancement of the Aurora Club has proved, indeed, fruitful. She is an active worker in the Church, and in society.

Mrs. Jno. T. Writt has been a very staunch worker in the Club. She is a woman of ability, as is shown in her papers, read from time to time before the



club. She is deeply interested in women's clubs.

Mrs. Dr. J. P. Golden, formerly of Pittsburg, but now of Georgetown, S. C.,

Stidum, Mrs. Rev. E. W. D. Jones, Mrs. Abram Hall, Mrs. Geo. Cain, Mrs. Wylie, and Mrs. Hallie Q. Brown.

#### THE TUESDAY EVENING CLUB.

Owing to her rapid advancement along intellectual lines, the American girl has created no little comment among the thinkers of the sterner sex. While men have been trying to determine her proper sphere she has marched steadily towards the goal which we all covet; and the woman question is rapidly solving itself. The truest of them are not clamoring for the ballot, as if that were the only means by which they could be placed on the level with their brother! They stand upon much higher ground and pursue nobler methods.

The great Creator of us all fixed their place in the beginning, and eternity cannot change it. While the brother is cultivating the higher faculties, that he may be fitted to direct and rule, the sister is



MISS CARRIE LOVETT,  
Carnegie, Pa.

*See page 147.*

was one of the founders of the Aurora Club, and since taking up her residence in South Carolina has kept pace with the progress of the Club, and is still interested in its welfare.

Mrs. Cora Hill Lee, a very prominent young woman, is one of the recently elected members of the Club. Mrs. Lee is well known in social circles, and has a wide circle of friends.

Mrs. Willie Austin Wagner, formerly of Pittsburg, now of Stonington, Conn., is one of the founders of the Club, and is still an active member. Mrs. Wagner is a woman of some literary ability, and contributes from time to time interesting papers on leading topics.

The other members of the Club, all of whom have rendered important assistance, are:—Mrs. George Cole, Mrs. F. Garrison, Mrs. Lewis Woodson, Mrs. Henry Meyers, Mrs. R. Lee, Mrs. Hannah Carter, Mrs. J. T. Witt, Jr., Mrs. Mollie Durham, Randolph, Mrs. A.



MISS EMMA CLARK,  
Pittsburg, Pa.

*See page 146.*

equally preparing herself that she may be fitted to guide and counsel. And who shall say which of the two is the more important?



RIVER STEAMER "TORNADO," BUILT BY CAPT. C. W. POSEY.

See page 135.

This independent spirit is often brought to light through the medium of Women's clubs. Thus the club which has for its object intellectual ends, is meeting a long felt want in our civilization. Prominent among such, stands the "Tuesday Evening Study Club," of Pittsburg, Pa. Those who think of the "Smoky City" as a city of brawn would hardly think of it as a city of brain. But, I believe, the accepted method of modern education is to educate the head, hand and heart. That being the case, to know Pittsburg is to have a liberal education.

It is true that for a long time, in the great struggle for wealth, higher education seems to be lost sight of. The head of a great institution of learning once said in the writer's hearing that Pittsburg was the hardest place in which to do anything for the cause of education he had ever seen.

But it should be remembered, that the institution which he represented has been sending forth graduates for nearly a hundred years, from the ranks of whom have come the men who have figured most conspicuously in making the great Iron City what it is today. Truly they built "better than they knew." It might be added that the above assertion was made in the music hall of the great Carnegie Institute, an institution which has done so much in the uplifting of the people of Pittsburg.

This brings us to the subject of our article. The Wylie Avenue Branch of the Carnegie Library, on account of its location, is frequented more by colored people than any other of the libraries; and is in charge of Miss Wilson, a very highly accomplished young woman, through whose efforts the Tuesday Evening Study Club was organized.

In response to the question, how she came to create a reading club among colored girls, Miss Wilson said that she had noticed the kind of literature the girls were in the habit of reading, and, being impressed by their choice of books, she

thought it would be well to have a reading club among that class of girls. So with the assistance of Rev. M. B. Lanier, a very prominent Presbyterian minister, she succeeded in getting together thirteen bright young colored women, some of whom had already graduated from high school or college, and in March, 1900, organized the above named club. They immediately laid out plans for work, and started upon a course of study, beginning with historical novels, followed by current topics for the first year, and in the second taking up famous cities of the world. A paper on current topics is also read at each meeting, and the young ladies by turn lead in parliamentary practice.

From the beginning there has been no lack of enthusiasm. Each member seemed to realize that the success of the club depended upon individual effort. Hence with such combined forces, these young women have done work, not only creditable to themselves, but to their sex in general.

The terms application and concentration are well understood among the members of this club. When one is assigned a subject she is expected to put time and labor upon it. Such methods of study must, in time, bring great results. The young women have already become more concise in statement, more accurate in thought, and there has been created a deeper love for the best and noblest in literature.

Another important feature is the philanthropic work done by the young women. Wherever there has been a real cause for benevolent work, the club has responded bravely.

From time to time the club is addressed by leading platform speakers. The last to share this honor was Prof. Robert W. Taylor, of Tuskegee, Alabama, who did credit to himself and the proud institution which he represents. When this is done a special invitation is issued to all the friends of the club members, and an open meeting is held.

The outline of work for the coming year is most interesting. The subjects on travel include all the important cities of the world, and many foreign countries, all of which will be studied both from a historical and a literary standpoint.

Perhaps it would not be out of place here to call attention to a fact which might be of interest. Many clubs among young people—this one a grand exception—especially where both sexes meet together, too often, though having been started with high aims in view, terminate into merely social ends. But the club, be it male or female, or both, which would play an important part in the uplifting of the people, must not lay too much stress upon the social side. It must be planted upon a broader basis. Its aims must be intellectual and moral, not social. It must educate in the broadest sense; it must set up high ideals and work towards them. Emerson was right when he said that it does not take society long to teach us all it knows.

The social star is like the rose of summer, blooms for a season and is gone forever; but the truly educated men and women leave a force behind them, like the mighty waters of the Mississippi flowing eternally to the sea, and it goes down through generations, shedding its wholesome influence upon mankind.

But we are all proud, and rightly so, of our social standing. We are glad to see our names upon the social card. And, truly, Society, in the sense in which the term is used, is based upon very high principles. Did it ever occur to you, reader, that Society did not build the rounds upon which it has climbed? Our object for "getting into society" is not that we think we can help its progress. We do not even think it is in need of help. But we want to be in it that we may be seen in it. That's all.

The scholar, however, lives in quite another world; one higher than ours; and, from his lofty position, he can watch the progress of our social struggles. He

beckons us on, in fiction and science, in poetry and song, to a higher plane; and by degrees we approach that realm within whose circle but few ever enter.

Yet, though you cannot follow the flight of the silver winged Eagle, you can find work below to do; you can improve your own condition and help those around you, for

"If you are too weak to journey  
Up the mountain, steep and high,  
You can stand within the valley,  
While the multitude go by;  
You can chant in happy measure,  
As they slowly pass along,  
Tho' they may forget the singer,  
They will not forget the song."

And

"Do not, then, stand idly waiting  
For some greater work to do;  
Fortune is a lazy Goddess;  
She may never come to you.  
Go and toil in any vineyard,  
Do not fear to do or dare;  
If you want a field of labor,  
You can find it anywhere."

An organization of young women, moving on with such high ideals as have the members of the Tuesday Evening Study Club of Pittsburg, is destined to do a great good. The world, I think, is old enough now to know that the success of a nation depends largely upon the character of its women. And any means that will help our sisters to cultivate the best that is in them should receive our highest approval; for that education which is best, not only for the woman of the twentieth century, but for the women of all time, is that which adds to her character strength; creates a love for the good and the beautiful; adds to her heart, tenderness; to her manners, grace; and to her virtues, purity.

Miss Emma Clark, the President of the Tuesday Evening Study Club, is one of Pittsburg's most progressive young colored women. She graduated a few years ago from the Pittsburg High School, and entered the office of her father, Mr. Jno. M. Clark. Here she has proved herself the embodiment of thrift and industry, in the



valuable service she has rendered in assisting in the management of so large a business.

Miss Clark has been a faithful worker in the Club, and we feel that, as its President, she will fill her position with credit.

Miss Carrie Lovett, of Carnegie, Pa., is the newly elected Vice-President of the Club. She was educated in the public schools, and has figured conspicuously in the social life of Pittsburg. She is quite ambitious, has a literary turn of mind, and is quite optimistic in her views regarding the uplifting of the race.

Miss Lovett has taken an active interest in the club from the beginning, and is very enthusiastic regarding women's clubs, rendering valuable assistance whenever an opportunity presents itself.

Miss Laura Lee, another very promising young woman, is Secretary of the Club. Miss Lee graduated from the High School in the class of 1900, being one of the two graduates of color in the academic department of that year.

Miss Lee has proved to be a girl of deep thought. More than once have her essays, read in public, attracted favorable comment from persons who have some ability to judge.

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Miss Mary Writh, eldest daughter of Mr. Jno. T. Writh, is one of Pittsburg's most prominent young women. She was educated in the public and high schools, and is very fond of books and music, especially the latter, to which she has given considerable attention. She is of a quiet, gentle disposition, though exceedingly genial.

Miss Emma Writh, a younger sister, is a graduate of the Pittsburg Central High School. After graduation she accepted a position as teacher in the English department of Avery College, where she is doing creditable work for the cause of education.

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It is with pleasure that we present a portrait of Miss Nana M. Johnson, of

Wilkinsburg. Miss Johnson is a very interesting young woman, a pleasant conversationalist, and has the very rare ability of being a good letter writer. Her cheerful, winning disposition has won her many friends.

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Miss Sarah Fowler comes from one of Pittsburg's oldest families. She was educated in the public and high schools, and is quite a bright young lady. She is witty in conversation and has a keen sense of humor.

Miss Fowler is a favorite in social circles, and has many admiring friends.

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Mr. James W. Peck, of the Registrar's office in the Allegheny County Court House, comes from one of the oldest families in Pittsburg. He is the grandson of the Rev. Peck, the famous preacher of the abolitionary period.

Mr. Peck was one of the first colored men to enter the Court House as regular clerk. He is still employed in that capacity, and has filled his position with credit. He was also a former President of the Loendi Club, and is proprietor of the oldest hair-dressing concern in Pittsburg, having been established in 1837.

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Samuel R. Rosamond was born in Allegheny, Pa., January 26, 1870. In 1873 his parents moved to what at that time was known as "Coal Hill," now a portion of Pittsburg, Pa., and called Mt. Washington. He was educated at Mt. Washington public schools, graduating at the age of fifteen. He then attended Pittsburg Central High School, Commercial Department, one term, and after leaving the High School, he was apprenticed as a carpenter. Later he took up the study of stenography after working hours, without a teacher. In April, 1888, he was employed as stenographer and typewriter to Gustave Lindenthal, a bridge engineer, but resigned that position to accept a position as stenographer and

typewriter with W. Bakewell & Sons, patent attorneys. Left there in March, 1899, to accept a position as private secretary to O. B. Shallenberger, then Chief Electrician of the Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Company. He resigned the position with the Electric Company, and in July, 1891, was appointed Secretary to Assistant Postmaster, and Superintendent of City Delivery, at the Pittsburg Post Office, which position he still holds, in addition to that of Chief Clerk to the Post Office Inspector.

In 1895, during the Civil Service investigations in Pittsburg, he was assigned to take testimony for President Roosevelt, who at that time was a Civil Service Commissioner. In 1899 he was appointed a member of the Local Civil Service Commission Examining Board for the Postal Service at Pittsburg, Pa. Mr. Rosamond was the first Negro who occupied in Pittsburg a position of stenographer and typewriter, and also the first in the United States to be appointed a member of the U. S. Civil Service Commission.

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#### RACE MEN IN THE POST OFFICE.

William A. Morrison, appointed March 1st, 1890, is employed as a city distributor, one of the best distributors in the City Division. Was the first colored man in Pittsburg appointed to a position of clerk in the Post Office.

Louis L. Allen, appointed December 16, 1890, and Clarence E. Allen, appointed October 6th, 1898, are distributors in the paper section of the Mailing Division.

Daniel S. Mahoney, appointed November 1st, 1894, is a distributing clerk at Station "C". Mr. Mahoney has served a number of years in the Postal Service, having at one time been a clerk in the Railway Mail Service.

John W. Anderson, Jr., appointed July 1st, 1900, is a letter distributor in the Box Section of the Pittsburg Post Office.

There are five letter carriers in the postal service in Pittsburg, of whom Jno. W. Anderson, appointed April 1st, 1879, is one of the veteran carriers in the city. He is one of the most popular of the carriers in the service and has served several times as delegate to the Letter Carriers' Annual Conventions.

James H. Lewis, appointed September 1st, 1890, ranks next to Mr. Anderson in point of seniority of service. Mr. Lewis is a hard worker and is assigned to one of the most difficult sections of the Pittsburg district.

Charles T. Arter, the third of the regular carriers, has been connected with the service since September 1st, 1897. Mr. Arter holds the distinction of being the only colored carrier appointed during the Democratic administration, and his route extends through one of the most important collection sections of the city.

Samuel M. Parr and William S. Lewis have been but recently appointed to the service as substitute carriers, but have both in their short connection with the Department been assigned to important districts, which demonstrates the fact that a Negro given an opportunity will eventually rise, if not above, at least to an equal level, with the average employee in the same line of work.

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In connection with the series on the "Smoky City" we would not fail to acknowledge our indebtedness to those who have contributed so faithfully to its success.

We feel especially indebted to Mrs. Anna Stevens Posey, of Homestead, Mr. Geo. A. Neale, of Republican Headquarters, Pittsburg, and Mr. William Nelson Page of Carnegie Steel Company.

## CYRUS FIELD ADAMS, ASSISTANT REGISTER OF THE UNITED STATES TREASURY.

President of the National Afro-American Press Association.

BY DANIEL MURRAY,  
Assistant Librarian, Library of Congress.

It is important at all times to familiarize ourselves with the life history of those who have overcome the natural obstacles which formed their environment at birth. This is particularly pleasing when the subject is identified with the Afro-American people, because in such cases the eminence attained is entitled to greater prominence than would be the case were the person one of pure Caucasian blood.

Such biographical illustrations should be kept before our youth, who are often disheartened by the mountain of opposition that obstructs every path. But as the measure of encouragement in every case is success, the fact that one has fully met and overcome the obstacles in his way should serve to embolden another traveler to attempt the passage of the same road.

These reflections can not be other than helpful to every one, and start the enquiry as to what predominant characteristic does our subject possess, which was so useful in the contest he was obliged to enter to win his present proud position, having bitter, unrelenting prejudice as an opponent? Be it remembered he was born in a Southern city and no extended explanation is needed to convey to the intelligent reader what that means in the matter of obstacles.

Of one who possesses so many good traits and is so well equipped mentally in linguistic attainments and scholarly acquirements, it is difficult to select, but high character is so prominent that no question can be raised in giving it the preference. To those who know Cyrus Field Adams and his family history this will not be at all surprising, since in the life story of his parents he had constantly before him the value of character and its

power to overcome the unreasoning prejudice so common in the South.

There are, indeed, few more impressive illustrations in the whole range of biographical annals, of the power of character, than may be found in the life career of Mr. Adams' father, which is given in detail in this article. The same may be said in equal measure of his mother. It would have been surprising, indeed, with such exemplary parents, to have noted the absence of good qualities in the son. In every revelation of life this trait in the composition of Cyrus Field Adams has won recognition, and this sketch is an illustration that more may be done in the matter of removing the mountain-high obstacles which confront the Afro-American in every part of this broad land, by cultivating character, than can be accomplished by any other agency.

What a lesson in the lives of both father and son! Father pastor of a white church in South Carolina in the dark days of slavery, allowed to ride inside street cars in Louisville, when no other man of the race was so privileged, buried from the largest white Baptist church in that city, and a Southern white journal puts on mourning at his death! Here we have another illustration of the work Booker T. Washington is doing in the South; lessening the antipathy to the race by showing that the Southern desire to retard the moral growth and social uplift of the race is not justified by the lack of character among its members.

Hon. Cyrus Field Adams was born forty years ago in Louisville, Ky., the son of Henry and Margaret Adams, and early acquired the rudiments of an English education in his father's school, which was

held in a building adjoining the family residence. Of his father we are constrained to give more than passing notice.

Rev. Henry Adams was born in Georgia in 1802. His father, John Adams, was a native of Ireland; his mother a mixed blood—Spanish, Indian and Negro. When quite young he gave very marked promise. He was converted at the age of ten, began to preach at sixteen, and was ordained to the full work of a minister at the age of twenty. He went to South Carolina and became the pastor of a Caucasian church—so far as known the only case in the South. After preaching several years he decided to come North. He brought with him testimonials signed by the members of the then South Carolina Legislature, government officials and prominent citizens, certifying to his high Christian character. This was in 1826. He finally settled in Louisville in 1829, where he founded the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church, and became the first pastor. In 1844, Rev. Adams was married to Miss Margaret Corbin, the beautiful and accomplished daughter of William and Susan Corbin, of Chillicothe, Ohio. She was a young woman of education, refinement and true Christian character, and during the 28 years of their married life she was a devoted helpmeet. She was of French, Indian and Negro blood.

At that time it was unlawful to teach a slave to read in the state of Kentucky, but a special act of the state legislature permitted Rev. Adams, a free man of color, to open a school for free people of color, and such slaves as were allowed by their masters to attend. In this work he was very successful. Many of the old Afro-American families owe their first start in education to the training received in Rev. Henry Adams' school. His high character compelled people to forget his Negro blood. He was accorded privileges allowed no other man of color in Kentucky. He was invited to preach

in many of the Caucasian churches, and was received as the guest of many of the leading families. A special permit allowed him to ride inside Louisville street cars, and this in Kentucky before the war!

Rev. Adams' desire for the uplift of his people was intense, and he started the movement for a state school, which culminated in the establishment of two colleges, the State University at Louisville, and the Eckstein Norton University at Cane Spring. When he died in 1872, his church was being repaired, so the funeral was held in Walnut Street Baptist Church, the leading Caucasian church of that faith in the city. The white ministers of the city attended the funeral in a body, and the Western Recorder, a Caucasian paper of wide circulation, went into mourning for him. Out of the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church many churches have grown, and it is said that the direct influence of the labors of Rev. Adams was the conversion of more than twenty-five thousand souls.

As has been shown by the foregoing, Cyrus Field Adams had the advantage of a Christian home and was reared in the atmosphere of the school. He began to attend his father's school at the age of three years. At the Adams house there was a well selected library, and young Adams read with avidity nearly every book therein. He seemed to have an insatiable desire for reading; dull encyclopædias had no terrors for him; he read everything and filled his mind with much valuable information. Mr. Adams is to-day one of the well informed men of the country. At the age of eight years, young Adams was sent to Cincinnati and placed in the public schools of that city. His parents desiring to secure advantages not offered in Cincinnati, at the age of eleven he entered the high school at Oberlin, Ohio, and later the college. He did not complete the course, as the death of his father occurred, and he was obliged to leave school to hustle for a living. He worked a while delivering an Oberlin



grocer's goods in a hand-cart; returning to Cincinnati he secured employment as an office boy for a real estate firm. The former office boy received a stipend of \$2.50 per week. No agreement was made regarding Adams' pay, but at the end of the week his work had been so well done that Mr. Horton handed him \$5 as his wage.

He was next employed by the banking firm of Andrews, Bissell & Co., where at the end of three months he was promoted to the position of clearing house clerk. When the firm wound up its affairs, young Adams, who had saved a little money, began business for himself as a dealer in foreign stamps, coins and other curiosities, and he was quite successful.

In 1877 he returned to his old home in Louisville, Ky., where he accepted a place as a teacher in the public schools, and also continued his curiosity business. In 1879 Mr. Adams and his brother, John Q., commenced the publication of "The Bulletin," a weekly newspaper devoted to the interests of the Afro-American people, which on account of its great enterprise, was in a short time accorded the leadership among journals of its class. In 1882 although kept busy with his newspaper, school duties and curiosity business, Mr. Adams found time to study the German and Italian languages, and after applying himself for about two years he began the instruction of a class in the German language. This class was composed principally of the teachers in the Afro-American public schools of Louisville, and Mr. Adams used the natural method, teaching a fair conversational knowledge of the language in six weeks.

In 1884, Mr. Adams visited Europe, traveling through the principal countries and spending some time in Germany, acquiring a more perfect knowledge of the language of the Fatherland. When he returned to America he was appointed Professor of the German language and literature in the State University, Louisville, Ky., where he remained one year.

For two years Professor Adams traveled through the United States, teaching German in six-weeks classes in the principal cities. That he was successful is evidenced by the fact that he is the possessor of eight gold and diamond medals, presented by his classes in various parts of the country.

In 1885, *The Appeal* was launched, with offices in Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis, St. Louis, Louisville and Dallas. *The Appeal* has built up a large clientele all over the United States, and is said to have the largest circulation of any journal of its class. It is one of the most vigorously edited Afro-American newspapers, and has struck many blows for the rights of the race. *The Appeal* is also an enterprising sheet and it noted for its brilliant achievements in the journalistic line. One of the many Christmas editions consisted of forty-eight pages, and is said to be the largest paper ever issued by Afro-American publishers. *The Appeal* has conducted many voting contests. In one case a Baptist minister was voted the most popular preacher in the country and received a \$100 broad-cloth suit. In a beauty contest a St. Louis lady was voted the most beautiful unmarried Afro-American in the United States, while a Louisville matron was declared the most beautiful Afro-American married lady in America. Each received a \$100 medal of gold set with diamonds.

In 1893 Mr. Adams published an edition of *The Appeal*, dated September 22, 1993. It portrayed what is supposed would be the condition of affairs at that time. The white and colored races had changed places. That is, the whites were represented as a decadent race, the colored people taking toward them the attitudes of toleration and condescension assumed by the whites toward the Afro-Americans of today. Telegrams of the time were cleverly paraphrased, white men taking the places of their darker brothers in cases of accusation and crime.

It was a brilliant satire. This issue of *The Appeal* attracted wide attention and 51,000 copies were sold, the greater number of which were purchased by Caucasians.

In 1900 Mr. Adams was the Republican nominee for Clerk of the Town of South Chicago, which is the richest town in the world. It comprises that portion of the City of Chicago from the river on the North to Thirty-ninth street on the South, and from Lake Michigan on the East to the river on the West, and includes within its limits the intense business district, with its skyscrapers and vast mercantile emporiums. The tax levy, which amounts to about \$12,000,000 annually, is collected by the South Town office, and represents one-third of all the taxes paid in Cook County.

Mr. Adams' opponent was a saloon keeper, and the politicians told him he would have to make a saloon canvass—go around with the "boys" and drink high balls and other concoctions. This, Mr. Adams, who neither drinks spirituous liquors nor uses tobacco, refused to do, saying that if it were necessary to change the habits of a life to secure a public office, he preferred to be defeated. Instead of a high ball and gin rickey canvass he made a novel linguistic campaign.

Mr. Adams is conversant with several languages, so he reached the many foreigners in Chicago by making speeches and having his literature printed in various foreign languages.

The German, the Frenchman, the Swede, the Norwegian, the Bohemian, were addressed in their mother tongues. When the votes were counted it was found that in a district normally Democratic, Mr. Adams had overcome the 5,000 Democratic majority of the previous year and was elected by a majority of 1,074. For twenty years it had been the custom of Democratic town officials to have themselves voted enormous salaries in violation of the statutes. Mr. Adams' predecessor received a salary of \$6,000.

Mr. Adams refused to ask for more than the amount allowed by the law—\$600.

In August, 1900, Mr. Adams was appointed a member of the Republican National Advisory Committee. He was put in charge of the Bureau for the Colored Press. It was the first time in any campaign that any real newspaper education was attempted among the colored people as a class. The results show that it was very effective. Mr. Adams being the publisher of a stalwart Republican newspaper, was peculiarly suited to this work. He prepared sheets of bright, short, editorial paragraphs and leaders, and sent the same to the colored press. Nearly every Afro-American paper in the country used some of this matter; at least 75 per cent of the papers printed nearly every line that was furnished, and a large number of the papers turned their editorial columns over to Mr. Adams and used no other matter. A great deal of this matter was considered so effective by the Republican managers that it was also sent out to the 5,000 white papers on the list. In addition to the newspaper influence, thousands of letters were addressed to colored people of prominence in all parts of the country, giving plans of campaigning. In this way hundreds of thousands of voters were reached. Mr. Adams also issued a special edition of *The Appeal*, filled with choice campaign matter, and sent out at his own expense, 50,000 copies for distribution among the Afro-American voters of the United States.

The fact that Mr. Adams is serving his third term as President of the National Afro-American Press Association, is an evidence of his standing among the members of his profession. The Association was organized in 1880 in Louisville, Ky., with John Q. Adams, then publisher of *The Bulletin*, now publisher of the *St. Paul Appeal*, as first President. There are about three hundred publications issued by Afro-Americans in the United States.

As a further evidence of the love and esteem of his fellow journalists, on February 4, 1901, the members of the National Press Association presented Mr. Adams a beautiful solid gold watch and chain, the movement being the finest manufactured by the Elgin National Watch Company. The presentation took place in Chicago in Grace Presbyterian Church. On the programme were sixty of the leading citizens of Chicago, men and women representing every profession and calling, who made "rapid fire" two-minute speeches, testifying to Mr. Adams' high character as a man.

Mr. Adams is the first and only life member of the National Afro-American Council, which is the leading general race organization of the country, and which is now contesting the disfranchisement laws of Louisiana. Mr. Adams is the Secretary of this organization, which office he has held two years.

He is the first life member of the National Afro-American Business League, of which Booker T. Washington, who is a close friend of Mr. Adams, is President. This organization is doing good

work for the race along business lines.

Mr. Adams is a liberal man. He has made it a rule of his life to give a certain percentage of his income to charity. He does not give to every one who asks, but places the money where he believes it will do the greatest amount of good. His first work for charity was in aiding and soliciting for the Colored Orphans' Home in Louisville, Ky. His efforts were so well appreciated that he was elected Secretary of the organization without his knowledge while he was in the West, 2,000 miles from home.

Mr. Adams became an enthusiastic philatelist when quite young, and he now has one of the finest collection of stamps in the country, numbering more than 6,000 varieties.

In January, 1901, Mr. Adams was appointed Assistant Register of the United States Treasury by President McKinley, for which place he is well qualified by his previous training. He is the first Illinois Afro-American to receive a Presidential appointment, and the first of the race to be appointed in the Twentieth Century.

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## CHARLES W. CHESNUTT.

### ONE OF THE LEADING NOVELISTS OF THE RACE.

JOHN LIVINGSTON WRIGHT.

Of all tragic and pitiful situations that this queer world can envelop, perhaps the most sorrowful is that of the person who aspires to a condition that he knows he can never reach. Indeed, is it not a blessed fact that most mortals are not beset by absorbing ambitions; are not bitten and stung by the desperate longing for a sphere of life beyond that in which Nature has started them; but can feel reasonably content if they get about so much food, about so much sleep, so much

pleasure as is enjoyed by the class out of which they have sprung?

Yet, when that strange and mighty something enters the life of the human being, Ambition, Longing, Dissatisfaction, Sensitiveness, or call it whatever you will, Tragedy begins. The examples are ever about us. Here is one lad whose parents are poor, and who goes ill dressed to his school. But he doesn't worry much. Nature has given him excellent muscles and he thrashes all scoffers into profound re-

spect. But his brother is of a different order. He has neither good clothes nor strong body, and in addition, there is perhaps a brain that can realize with doubly keen bitterness the advantages money can give, in the refinements and the polish for which the child has an uncontrollable longing. A news item which was recently floating around through the newspapers may be cited as an actual illustration.

A little eight-year-old fellow was sent off to Sunday school. His clothes were very shabby and he didn't want to go forth to meet the sly jests and the rough ridicule of his classmates. The father had been out of work and could scarcely get the money to feed his family, not to mention new clothes.

The child tearfully begged and pleaded that he did not want to go to the Sunday school because his clothes were so ragged. But the father insisted that the lad be sent. The mother cried over him and besought him "to be a brave little man and may be he should soon have some nice new clothes as soon as papa got some work." This demonstration of mother courage worked its temporary reciprocal force on the offspring. He kissed mamma good bye and started away with not another word.

But the nearer he got to the church, the more dreadful grew the thought of the ridicule that would be heaped upon him. It grew in a few minutes to be a terror that consumed him, and made the thought of death very sweet. Straight to the river went this eight-year-old boy and ended his life!

And in the field of pathos and tragedy what volumes are yet to be written of the mental sufferings undergone by those whose mixture of blood makes them almost outcasts! Many and many are the beings who cover with all the carefulness and artfulness possible the fact that they have a touch of negro blood! They wouldn't have the truth known for worlds. Then, here are the thousands who are generally known as of hybrid blood. They

are too "light" to be classed as black. Yet, not "light" enough to be accepted as "white." They go through life practically without kith or kin. They feel that they are accounted as not in harmony with the negro race. And the white race will not have them. What shall they do? Whither shall they go?

It is of this hybrid race, the "light-black" or the "black-light," its mental anguish, its pitiful life, its heart-rending experiences, that a subtle and powerful pen has come to treat. Charles W. Chesnutt has a field as a writer that is singularly his own, and he is showing himself a master. His work is marked by feeling, understanding, grace and polish. As Mr. Chesnutt himself says of his work, "it lies along the line where the two races come together."

Chesnutt is practically a pioneer in his especial vocation. We have had much writing upon the lighter, the rollicking, not to say, coarser, phase of negro character.

But there is a phase that is too pitifully serious. It is found in the superstitions, in the negro view of religion, in those strange recesses where the black man seeks to commune with what he regards as the Fateful, Omnipotent, Awful, All-Powerful. Here he is most abjectly in earnest. He is groping for light. His superstitions, his prayers, his spiritual longings are not altogether comical, ridiculous, nor absurd, as so many writers have apparently thought.

It is the mission of Chesnutt to delineate this deeper and, as was once held, unbelievable, phase of negro character, the spiritual and ambitious element of his nature, and with such analysis and fidelity has he written that today. Charles W. Chesnutt undoubtedly holds the honor of being the Foremost Colored Novelist.

Of his book of nine short stories, entitled "The Wife of His Youth" (1899), a critic gave the following synopsis:

"To Mr. Chesnutt may be given credit of the first publication of a subtle psycholo-



gy of the negro's spiritual nature, the first actual revelation of those secret depths of the dusky soul which no white writer might hope to approach through his own intuition."

It is but a few years ago that certain short stories began to appear in the *Atlantic Monthly*. No one in the literary world knew aught of the new comer who signed himself "Charles W. Chesnutt," but it was recognized that here was a writer of peculiar power. He was dealing with the weird superstitions, the ominous incantations, and the strange religious system that prevailed among the Southern negro before the Civil War. Much of this life has absolutely disappeared, and these stories were written with such unmistakable knowledge of the subject, with such skill and subtlety that they were conceded to be more than passing "short stories." They were bits of psychological history. Finally, under the title of "The Conjure Woman," seven of these short stories were put into a book (1899) and Charles W. Chesnutt was fairly before the literary public. Of this first volume of the new author, an able reviewer wrote as follows:

"Unlike many books with negro characters, 'The Conjure Woman' was not written expressly to display the author's knowledge of dialect. Nor is this series of sketches an attempt to portray modern negro life. The seven stories are told in dialect—for in what other tongue could Uncle Julius have spoken? Incidentally, too, they disclose the negro of to-day, his ways of living, and his ethical views. But all this is secondary to Mr. Chesnutt's chief aim, which is to make vivid some of the superstitions current in slavery times. Uncle Julius himself only half believes the wonderful tales that he tells. A smile lurks at the corners of his mouth as he narrates them to the Northern purchaser of the run-down North Carolina plantation on which he had been a slave 'befo de wah.'

"The humor of Julius is unconscious.

There is no horseplay, nothing to raise a laugh. The humor really lies in his application. Pathos is the other strong element of these sketches, that pathos which is inseparable from a true mirroring of the daily life of the slaves. This comes out strongly in 'Sis Becky's Pickaninny' and 'The Gray Wolf's Ha'aunt.'"

The writer kept sending his short stories to the *Atlantic*, the *Century*, *Independent*, *Outlook* and other standard publications, since the best magazines were eager for him now, and presently nine more short stories composed Chesnutt's second book, "The Wife of His Youth." The foremost critics were still favorable to him for the volume was characterized as:

"Remarkable for its literary skill and distinction, its dramatic quality, its tactful treatment of a delicate race problem, and above all, for its genuine human feeling.

"Mr. Chesnutt has not only an exceptional knowledge of the negro character and environment, but he has also marvelous subtlety and wisdom in the treatment of their difficulties."

People are now wanting to know about the personal history of the new author, and inquiry developed the following facts:

Charles W. Chesnutt was born in Cleveland, Ohio, June 20th, 1858. His parents were free people of North Carolina, who moved to Ohio in 1857. Mr. Chesnutt lived in Cleveland until 1866, in which year his father, who had served four years in the Civil War, returned to the South. He began at a very early age to teach in the public schools of North Carolina, and in 1881 became principal of the State Colored Normal School at Fayetteville. In the summer of 1883 Mr. Chesnutt left the South to seek his fortune in more Northern latitudes. After several months spent in New York City, where he was employed as a news reporter in Wall Street, he moved to Cleveland, Ohio, the city of his birth, where he has

since made his home. At Cleveland he first obtained employment as accountant in the general office of the New York, Chicago & St. Louis railroad, and later as stenographer in the law department of the same corporation. He read law and was admitted to the Ohio bar in 1887. Mr. Chesnutt is an expert stenographer, having acquired the art from a text-book, without a teacher, while a boy in North Carolina, and attributes to his knowledge of this useful and beautiful art many of the opportunities which have opened up to him the path of success. He was for years the most popular reporter in the Cleveland courts, and the business he carefully built up is still in the hands of a relative. He has traveled extensively in the United States and Europe, and is a man of broad culture and versed in several modern languages.

Thus we find that all of Chesnutt's writing has been done in leisure hours, for his bread-earning profession, until recently at least, has been that of a lawyer. His success nowadays with the pen, however, brings very tidy financial returns.

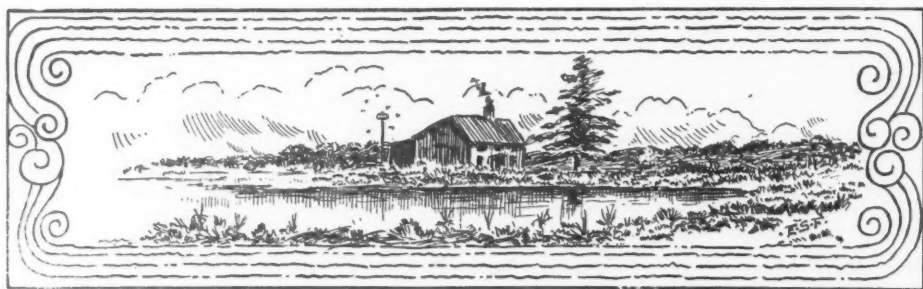
Last year, Mr. Chesnutt published his first novel. It bears the picturesque and charming caption, "The House Behind the Cedars," and has had excellent fortune. The volume is a satisfactory realization of the literary advance the public was to expect from his "Conjure Woman" and "The Wife of His Youth." This novel is an effort to present in vivid colors the tragedy that invariably accompanies the "taint" of negro blood when

he or she who bears it seeks to exchange "black" society for "white."

The events of the narrative arise in the South soon after the war for the Union, and the principal characters who participate in them are octoroons—a brother who had, in a community where he passed as a "white" man, married into a white family, and a sister whom the brother introduces into his new social sphere. The sister, transplanted from a "black" world into a "white" one (though she exhibited no trace of negro blood other than a wavy quality in her beautiful hair), becomes the object of a white man's devotion. Here is a mine needing—to spring it with terribly explosive effect—only an exposé of the real "color" of the girl and her brother. This is what happens, and the romantic and sociological interest of the novel attaches thenceforth to the consequences of a "white" man's honorable love for a "colored" woman—for only a tragedy could such a love have been, or even now be, in the South.

Some months ago, Mr. Chesnutt came to the Eastern cities to give a series of platform readings from his own writings. The reception accorded him was thoroughly cordial. He was greeted by excellent audiences, and his modest and charming manner merely enhanced the interesting impression to the hundreds who had read his stories.

Now in the prime of his intellectual powers, Charles W. Chesnutt is undoubtedly destined to reach a prominent position in American literature.





[Under this heading we shall publish monthly such short articles or locals as will enable our subscribers to keep in close touch with the various social movements among the colored race, not only throughout the country but the world. All are invited to contribute items of general news and interest.]

One hundred delegates, representing the rank and file of nine subordinate commanderies in the grand commandery of colored Knights Templar of Rhode Island and Massachusetts, convened in Zion Temple at 86 Exchange street, at Worcester, Mass., recently, and presented annual reports, adopted resolutions on the death of President William McKinley and paraded the principal streets in full dress uniform. Various military maneuvers along the line were admired by hundreds of people.

In the afternoon officers for the year were elected and minor reports submitted. The conclave ended with the annual reception and ball in Horticultural Hall at 8 o'clock, which was attended by 50 couples and nearly all the commandery delegates, including many knights who were special guests of the conclave.

At City Hall, the parade was reviewed by Mayor P. J. O'Connell, Chief of Police W. J. E. Stone, City Clerk E. H. Towne, General Josiah Pickett and A. M. Powell.

Curtis J. Wright, one of the most prominent lawyers of Boston, and Right Eminent Grand Commander, delivered a lengthy and instructive address to the assembled knights, which we are sorry, on account of lack of space, we cannot publish at this time.

Dr. R. R. Royster was born in the South shortly after the surrender.

He entered the public schools when about five years old, and first studied "Webster's old blue back spelling book." As the session was so short he only learned to spell words of four syllables.

He then was taken home to carry water and pull grass from around the corn. He studied hard at night, accomplishing much by candle light.

At the age of sixteen he entered Boydton Institute, Va. After this session he went back to his old position on the farm, but having a strong will he went again to Boydton Institute for eight months. Returning home he passed the State Board and taught in the public school.

He studied hard at night during the school term, and after the close of school he went north, securing employment in a restaurant as waiter. After working there sixteen months he went back South and again took six months' training at Boydton Institute. He again taught a public school for a short term. He again came North and entered hotel work for several years and saved his money.

Feeling that his calling was of a higher nature, and as he wanted to do something for his race, he matriculated at the Boston Dental College in September, 1896. He felt that the term was too long there for a man of limited means, so after he had written to many Colleges he decided to come to the Philadelphia Dental College, where he remained three years and graduated, being the only colored man in the class. Locating, he passed the Pennsylvania State board of dental surgery. There were fourteen in the examination, and only three were able to pass. He has toiled hard and studied at night, and with a persistent and determined resolution he has come out victorious. Even after he had opened his office he had many dark days, but he stuck to it, and he now has on roll many patients.



## ROOSEVELT AND THE NEGRO.

"I pity from the bottom of my heart any individual who is so unfortunate as to get into the habit of holding race prejudice."

The writer of the above sensible and charitable sentiment might better have expressed himself as sorry for the individual who may be afflicted with race bigotry.

"In my early life I used to cherish a feeling of ill will toward anyone who spoke in bitter terms against the Negro, or who advocated measures that tended to oppress the black man or take from him opportunities for growth in the most complete manner. Now, whenever I hear anyone advocating measures that are meant to curtail the development of another, I pity the individual who would do this. I know that the one who makes this mistake does so because of his own lack of opportunity for the highest kind of growth. I pity him because I know that he is trying to stem the progress of the world, and because I know that in time the development and the ceaseless advance of humanity will make him ashamed of his weak and narrow position. One might as well try to stop the progress of a mighty railroad train by throwing his body across the track as to try to stop the growth of the world in the direction of giving mankind more intelligence, more culture, more skill, more liberty, and in the direction of extending more sympathy and more brotherly kindness."

No words have ever been spoken that were more apt or came nearer to truth than those just quoted from the autobiography of Prof. Booker T. Washington, principal of the Normal and Industrial Institute of Tuskegee, Ala. That "no man whose vision is bounded by color can come into contact with what is highest and best in the world" is a fact at once logical and philosophical. The light of a lamp dispels darkness: so does mental darkness forbid intelligence. The

following clipping is from a Southern advertising sheet with an "editor."

"After the many complimentary things said about President Roosevelt by the Southern people and papers it is somewhat humiliating to have to retract. His action, however, in inviting Booker Washington, the well known Alabama negro, to dine with his family at the White House has made every Southern man and woman blush with shame—because Roosevelt himself is the son of a Georgia lady. Were she living today, however, as a Georgian she would disclaim kinship with her son.

\* \* \* \* \*

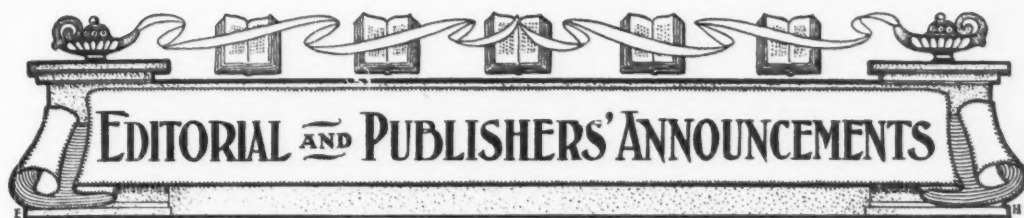
Lincoln, the negro's greatest friend, never found it necessary to sit down on terms of social equality with him, nor did McKinley or any other president. If Roosevelt as an individual chooses to associate on terms of equality with his colored brother let him do so, but as President he strikes the Caucasian a blow in the face by inviting any man with a drop of negro blood in his veins, to his table.

And, with the exception of a small portion of New England, the white people of the entire country will resent this act with a righteous indignation, and the memory of it will remain with them until the perpetrator is consigned to political and social oblivion."

The narrow-souled individual who penned the above for the perusal of a couple of hundred readers, is apparently unaware that the "down south" habit of "editors," which may be properly called lickspittle, is unpopular, or rather distasteful, in the North. Flattery is a lie in lavender, and Southern "editors" revel in it like kittens in catnip. The printed stuff given out as an "article" is worthless except as an exhibition of color spite which is somewhat prominent at the low end of the continent. The feeling is disappearing as education takes hold. I am not a Republican. I do not admire or even feel friendly toward Mr. Roosevelt, no matter for what reason. I have, however, the satisfaction of knowing that he has one manly trait, which is almost certainly hereditary. His mother was a Georgia lady. How well pleased the country generally is with the president's manner of entertaining Prof. Washington, gentleman, scholar, thinker, worker for good, can be ascertained satisfactorily from the eulogistic comments of the greatest newspapers and the greatest thinkers of this country and of Europe.

J. B. (white).





## COLORED CO-OPERATIVE PUBLISHING COMPANY,

5 PARK SQUARE, BOSTON, MASS.

WILLIAM H. DUPREE, *President.*WALTER W. WALLACE, *Vice-Pres't and Managing Editor.*  
H. S. FORTUNE, *Asst. Sec. and Treasurer.*JESSE W. WATKINS, *Secretary and Asst. Treas.*  
W. A. JOHNSON, *Advertising Manager.*

Once again the happy Christmas season draws near! Of course you are to make numerous presents to near and dear ones! And what very hard work it oftentimes is to find a satisfactory present at a moderate price. Let us help you in your selections. In looking over the vast array of possible presents, which are almost bewildering in their beauty, do not overlook the best one of them all. We refer, of course, to a year's subscription to THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE. And what could be better?

The magazine will go to your relative or friend twelve times during the year, and will each time remind them of your thoughtfulness and love. If you have not already seen our full announcements for 1902, send for them at once, and they will be sent you by return mail. You will then have a better idea of the elaborate feast of good things that is in preparation. We desire every member of the race to see our announcements, and to help spread the good news that at last the race has a regular monthly magazine of which it need not be ashamed. Each number is better than the one before. You don't believe it! Subscribe for a year and prove it.

In paying subscription money to persons representing themselves to be our regular agents, we would ask that everyone take special pains to see that the person is our regular accredited representative, and that they have writ-

ten authority from this Company to solicit the subscriptions. Otherwise we cannot be responsible for any money paid, as we have recently learned of several persons in various parts of the country who have collected money for subscriptions *without authority from us and have never paid it to the home office.*

This is a state's prison offense, and we would esteem it a special favor if any person who has been approached by any such person or has paid any money for subscriptions without getting satisfaction therefor, would kindly write us full particulars, with a view to bringing the guilty parties to justice.

If there is no regular agent in your town or city, send your order and remittance direct to the home office, where it will receive prompt attention.

We have several other choice Christmas gifts to suggest, should you not wish to send a subscription to the magazine. The book, "Contending Forces," by Miss Hopkins, or "In Free America," by Miss Wetherell, would, either of them, prove most acceptable Holiday Gifts.

In answer to the many inquiries concerning Madame Delmore's Medical Co., which would be too burdensome to answer individually, we take this means of answering:

After investigation, we find that we can fully recommend this Company, and that they are thoroughly reliable.

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 Montgomery—J. H. FAGAIN.

**BRITISH HONDURAS.**  
 Belize—WM. CAMPBELL.

**CALIFORNIA.**  
 Los Angeles—MISS HALLIE Q. WILSON, 118 E. Pico Street.  
 San Francisco—MISS LILLIE A. DEAN, 717 Bush Street.

**COLORADO.**  
 Colorado Springs—H. C. HAWKINS, 104 S. Cascade Avenue.  
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